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**Good Country: A Chamber Opera**

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**Good Country: A Chamber Opera**

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## **Abstract**

### **Good Country: A Chamber Opera**

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The University of Texas at Austin, 2019

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Based on a libretto by Cecelia Raker, *Good Country* is a 45-minute chamber opera about the historical figure Charley Parkhurst, a stagecoach driver in the California Gold Rush who was assigned female at birth and lived life as a man. This piece was written for tenor and trans activist Holden Madagame, along with a cast of four other vocalists and string quartet. The first chapter details the beginnings of my creative process with Cecelia to create and workshop the libretto. The second chapter discusses issues related to the representation of trans characters in opera, and the process behind our decision to cast a trans opera singer as Charley Parkhurst, along with the challenges, rewards, and edifications that resulted from that decision. The third chapter describes the close collaboration I have had with Holden Madagame, including the particularities of writing for his voice and the *ossia* passages in the final score in order to help the opera's future producibility with trans singers. The final chapter discusses the way in which I confronted the aria-recitative duality in this opera, and then gives an overview of my motivic development, harmonic language, and instrumentation choices.

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## Chapter 1: Concept and Beginning Stages

### 1.1 INTRODUCTION

In early 2018, I approached Cecelia Raker, a master's student in playwriting at the University of Texas, about collaborating on an opera. My idea was a historical fiction set in the California Gold Rush, based on a fleeting anecdote from an 1851 newspaper: the story of a nameless woman who owned a saloon in northern California. I had read about the episode in a book about the Gold Rush, and I was intrigued by the idea of resurrecting a forgotten, insignificant day in history and turning it into a full-fledged opera. I prepared the concept for a one-act production, based on the scene of a woman's saloon catching on fire and witnesses seeing her fleeing with a large briefcase of money.<sup>1</sup> To me, this spectacle had wonderful potential for an operatic climax, and it offered the chance to explore virtuosity in both voices and instruments. To help stretch the episode into a full act, I planned to create interpersonal conflict by introducing imagined characters: a luckless male miner who arrives at the saloon broke and hungry, and the child of the woman, possibly a supernumerary. While I had not worked out how the opera would resolve—whether the woman would escape with her money, the man would steal it, or there would be an equitable sharing of wealth—I knew that conflict and drama were priorities for me.

Cecelia was intrigued, and our brainstorming brought us to significant parallels with contemporary culture. At the time, we were months into the *#MeToo* movement, so we began to identify culturally relevant aspects in our story. We discovered themes that

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<sup>1</sup> Susan Lee Johnson, *Roaring Camp: The Social World of the California Gold Rush*, New York: W. W. Norton, (2000), 401.

enlivened the historical anecdote and put it under a modern lens: male entitlement, objectification of women, and wealth disparity between genders. Our miner represented the dark side of toxic masculinity in *#MeToo*, and the woman, a victim with the potential for empowerment. Eventually, we found that we wanted a strong female character who would “win” rather than ending the opera in tears. In fact, female empowerment fit harmoniously with a historical reality of the California Gold Rush, a time when the real chance to make money was in a hospitality industry frequently managed by women—not in the mines.<sup>2</sup> Therefore it made sense, contextually, to create a strong woman and let her triumph over adversity. Perhaps this creative decision would pose challenges to creating drama and conflict; after all, a happy story would have less obvious dramatic tension than a tragic one. Nevertheless, Cecelia and I recognized that the story of the fire, which so resoundingly robbed the woman of her prized saloon, would need to be reworked in order to allow her a more victorious moment.

I was willing to abandon the fire, and I wanted Cecelia to take the lead. Happy to accept the story she wrote, I insisted that the libretto accomplish two things: historical perspective on current political realities, and a strong plot. I have long been fascinated by historical anecdotes that seem anachronistic because they challenge our reductionist, linear view of human progress, and I wanted to keep this aspect of our synopsis. In the story of the fire, I was intrigued by the idea that women could make more money than men in the mines. Women’s economic advantage in Gold Rush communities, albeit a brief and anomalous episode, offered the kind of surprising historical perspective I was seeking in order to inform present political discussions in nuanced ways. At the time, I was also eager to learn about individuals and movements in American history with

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<sup>2</sup> *ibid.*, 275 – 90.

surprisingly progressive profiles by today's standards: Thomas Jefferson's deist views and the Jefferson Bible, the "Forty Acres and a Mule" executive order of Abraham Lincoln, the New Deal of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. These episodes resonate with me because they undercut common, often malformed notions about America's past—for example, the founding of America on religious or capitalist principles. I wanted my opera to fulfill the same kind of educational function, and whatever story we ended up with, I did not want to lose sight of that priority.

The second thing I wanted from the libretto was plot and character development. I needed an emotional engine that would drive the characters' pivotal, transformative experiences. Conflict and adversity were the vehicles I understood best for this purpose, and I was reminded of what Thomas Shepherd once said in reference to Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*: "Operas are not generally written about Goody Two-shoes."<sup>3</sup> I shared this sentiment, and it remained a prevalent influence in all stages of the opera's creation. Considering that we wanted an uplifting story, I perhaps found an even more appropriate role model in Kevin Putts and Mark Campbell's *Silent Night* (2012), an admirable opera with a strong emotional drive. When I experienced *Silent Night* for the first time, I appreciated the clarity of the central plot—a joining of wartime enemies for a Christmas truce—and the laser-like focus on a brief but seminal period of each character's life.<sup>4</sup> I wanted a similar focus in my opera, to the point where I could ask myself, "What is this opera about?" and a single word—redemption, loss, unity, hope, or despair, for example—would suffice. In *Silent Night*, the central theme is "disarmament" (literal and metaphorical), but I could imagine my opera taking any one of a plethora of approaches.

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<sup>3</sup> Qtd. in Jeff Lunden, "Porgy and Bess," *NPR 100 Fact Sheet* (8 October 2000).

<sup>4</sup> Kevin Putts and Mark Campbell, *Opera "Silent Night" [Official Website]: About the Opera*, <[www.silentnightopera.com/about.html](http://www.silentnightopera.com/about.html)>.

Importantly, centering the opera on a character, a setting, or an abstract intellectual idea was not enough. I believed that any statement the opera conveyed, whether political, philosophical, or moral, had to be delivered indirectly through the vehicles of plot and character development for maximum effect.

## 1.2 CHARLEY PARKHURST

Cecelia and I did ultimately abandon the idea of the fire, although much of the thought process that led to that synopsis continued to influence Cecelia's writing. *Good Country*, as the libretto came to be called, actually centers around an entirely new character named Charley. Charley is based on Charley Parkhurst, a stagecoach driver during the Gold Rush. The only character based on a historical person, Charley is also the only one with a specified name. Parkhurst (1812–1879) was assigned female at birth, became an orphan at a young age, and moved out West where they<sup>5</sup> lived life as a man. Cecelia's libretto introduces Charley's character as a visitor to a saloon, along with a stagecoach of people giddy with excitement that Charley just killed the bandit called Sugarfoot (also based on a historical figure, but with no singing role in the opera).<sup>6</sup> Cecelia told me she had "been carrying around Charley's story in [her] back pocket for years, bothered by the way it has historically been told, ever since the doctor laying out Charley's body for burial broke the sensational news that this was 'a woman!'"<sup>7</sup>

I was happy to oblige Cecelia's suggestion to include Charley. I realized immediately how well this character fulfilled my desire to explore unexpected historical

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<sup>5</sup>Throughout this essay, when referring to the historical Charley Parkhurst, I will use the pronoun "they," but I will use "he" when referring to our fictionalized version. This is in order to acknowledge the historical ambiguity of Charley's gender, the degree of speculation that has gone into our portrayal.

<sup>6</sup> Kathi Bristow, "Those Daring Stage Drivers," *California Department of Parks and Recreation*, 2008.

<sup>7</sup> Cecelia Raker, interviewed by author, November 17, 2018.

anecdotes. Parkhurst's story adds a much-needed perspective to contemporary discussions about gender, and it does so even more directly than my original idea of the fire. Specifically, their life has the potential to undercut the notion that being transgender is a relatively new phenomenon. While many accounts of Parkhurst, including those around the time of their highly sensationalized death, portray them as a woman in men's clothing, Cecelia and I were intrigued by the possibility that they might have been a trans man. This is not the way Parkhurst is typically portrayed; even as recently as 2009, LA Times cultural reporter David Ng acknowledges the presence of gay, bisexual, and transgender individuals in the American West, yet he refers to Parkhurst in virtually the same terms as newspapers in the 1800's with female pronouns:

It turns out that Charlie (sic), nee Charlotte Darkey Parkhurst, had passed much of her adult life as a man. The discovery of her true gender became a local sensation. And her story still fascinates U.S. historians, some of whom believe that she was the first woman to have voted in a presidential election, long before the ratification of the 19<sup>th</sup> Amendment in 1920.<sup>8</sup>

Contrary to Ng, Cecelia and I recognized nuances to Charley's story that were not typically acknowledged. Given the possibility that Parkhurst was transgender, along with the dearth of contemporary and historical accounts that explore this, we were excited to include Charley as our main character and discover how we would confront such a person operatically.

### **1.3 PLOT AND CHARACTERS**

The story Cecelia finally did deliver was a wonderful tapestry of raw, emotional moments, and very plot driven. While it centers around Charley, it also provides a

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<sup>8</sup> David Ng, "'Out West' at the Autry examines the history of homosexuals and transgender people in the Old West," *Los Angeles Times*, December 15, 2009.

snapshot of the world he passes through, making him a single member of an ensemble-driven story. *Good Country* takes place in a saloon in northern California during the Gold Rush, in 1861. The opera features a strong female lead called the Barmaid, who is married to an abusive partner and former miner, called the Husband. In addition, there are two ancillary characters who provide comic relief, the Doctor and the Lady. Although the themes of domestic abuse and toxic masculinity between the Barmaid and Husband figure strongly in the plot, they are not the emotional anchors of the libretto. The heart of the story, ultimately, is in the redemptive connection between Charley and the Barmaid. After saloon revelry and a fight resulting in both the Husband's death and the Barmaid's miscarriage, we see a pact of secrets between Charley and the Barmaid. She will not tell anybody about his female bodily sex, and he will not tell anybody that she killed her husband. Their final duet, a powerful dual acknowledgment of their caring for one another, summarizes their pact of reciprocal trust and protection.

One question that has been a point of discussion with regard to this plot and character ensemble is whether *Good Country* leans feminist or trans-positive. With that comes the question of whether the main character is Charley or the Barmaid, and whose story is being told. My intention has always been to assign equal weight to the two leads. The Barmaid's triumph, a feminist statement of the libretto, is made possible by Charley keeping her secret, and Charley's escape from the scene without being "outed" is made possible by the Barmaid keeping his secret. Our director, Alice Stanley, helped shed light on these questions by bringing my attention to Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. In that book, the main character is Randal P. McMurphy, but the story is Chief Bromden's story.<sup>9</sup> In a similar way, Charley is the central character of *Good Country* in a

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<sup>9</sup> Alice Stanley, interviewed by author, April 8, 2019.

story that is ultimately the Barmaid's. Both feminism and trans-positivity figure strongly in the opera, but they are manifested through an allyship that also serves as the emotional driver of the plot, creating an equality between the two leads and their impact on the overall arc of the story.

## Chapter 2: Writing for a Trans Vocalist

### 2.1 LIBRETTO AND CASTING CONSIDERATIONS

The decision to compose Charley's role specifically for a trans vocalist eventually resulted from our evolving libretto. At the start, Cecelia and I knew this opera, like many before it, would feature a gender-bending story. We did not know exactly how that would be portrayed onstage—whether through a pants role, a trans singer, or something else—but these questions would eventually answer themselves through libretto revisions. In its earliest drafts, *Charley* (a title we would later change to *Good Country*) did not focus explicitly on the trans narrative, instead opting to portray Charley's gender ambiguously. Our aim was to respect the historical uncertainty about Parkhurst's gender, as we had no way of knowing their gender identity. Based on limited explicit historical evidence, Parkhurst could have been a woman in men's clothing seeking a better life, or a trans man. Our story, congruent with contemporaneous accounts of Charley's death and the conventional language used to describe their gender, opened us up to the possibility of a pants role. Hence, we arrived at the starting point for Charley's portrayal: a female-identifying vocalist (trans or cis woman) singing the role of someone assigned female at birth, perhaps a trans man or perhaps a woman living a secret identity, but with nothing in the libretto to clarify the question.

After receiving feedback from composers, playwrights, directors, and an array of miscellaneous friends, Cecelia and I began to realize that our libretto, along with the casting choices it seemed to suggest, was fundamentally at odds with how we wanted to confront Charley's character. A more trans-focused narrative began to take hold, in which we imagined Charley as a trans man: someone with gender dysphoria and a transitional journey, no longer leading a double life but rather a single male identity that happened to



be incongruous with his sex assigned at birth. This portrayal would require significant adjustments to our artistic vision: First, we needed to abandon any lingering worry that the historical Charley would “roll in their grave,” should our narrative be inaccurate. Separated from their death by over a century, this was relatively easy for us to come to terms with; furthermore, by embracing imagination, speculation, and fiction, we happened upon a wonderful opportunity to transform an emotionless historical relic into a vital part of important conversations today. Second, and more importantly, we realized that we would need to involve trans people in our creative process in an even more central way.

While we were unsure whether we could find a trans opera singer—we knew of nobody local, and our previous libretto draft left room for a pants if we needed to revert to it—we were nevertheless driven to respond genuinely to what I would refer to, in no disparaging way, as a justified sensitivity to underrepresentation in art and entertainment. As two cisgender creators writing an opera about a complicated gender journey (which would eventually become an explicitly intersectional trans/feminist narrative), we wanted to avoid the inevitable insensitivity that would arise from not involving trans and non-binary people in the dramaturgical process. We reached out to a network of friends for feedback on the libretto, and we faced head-on the serious and controversial question of casting Charley. Luckily for us, high profile role models of inclusiveness already existed in entertainment culture, and although we had to look outside the opera world for many of them, they shed light on the complicated issue of casting. Among countless examples of increasingly color-conscious and gender-conscious casting emerging in this decade, one of the most attractive to me was Disney’s 2016 film *Moana*, a film about Pacific Islanders for which animation chief John Lasseter insisted on cultural research and

immersion: “Lasseter was clear: the project would not go any further until [writer and director John] Musker and [Ron] Clements actually went to Polynesia, marking the beginning of a process that makes *Moana* one of Disney’s most culturally authentic endeavors yet.”<sup>10</sup>

What I took to heart most from role models like *Moana* was the importance of authenticity in a work of art whose creators are of a different identity, and a significantly more privileged one at that, than its subjects. Authenticity meant casting a trans opera singer as Charley, and to that end, Cecelia and I strived to abide by an insistence similar to Lesseter’s: We would not continue with creative decisions in the project until we knew whether or not we could work with a trans singer. Of course, one crucial aspect of opera is the importance of voice type—and this admittedly posed challenges. Questions arose: How, for example, do I specify a role for a trans classical singer, while also specifying voice type, and ensure the opera’s producibility in the future? Should I write for a trans man, or for any trans or non-binary person; and if specifying a trans man, should the range preclude those who have or have not taken testosterone? If I include an array of *ossia* options, as I planned to do, how would I make sure they all effectively interacted with the voice types of other characters in the opera? These questions and others became primary concerns in my nascent writing process.

## **2.2 TRANS REPRESENTATION IN KAMISKY AND CAMPBELL’S AS ONE**

The opera world offers little to no precedent for the challenges I faced. Laura Kaminsky’s 2014 opera *As One*, with a libretto by Mark Campbell and Kimberley Reed, touches issues regarding trans singers only somewhat, although as a high-profile opera

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<sup>10</sup> Joanna Robinson, “How Pacific Islanders Helped Disney’s *Moana* Find Its Way,” *Vanity Fair*, November 16, 2016.

about a trans character, it nevertheless proved informative for me. Commissioned by American Opera Projects, *As One* tells the story of a transgender protagonist, Hannah, by using two vocalists, a mezzo soprano for “Hannah after” and a baritone for “Hannah before.”<sup>11</sup> Neither Kaminsky nor Campbell identify as trans, but their inclusion of transgender film director and producer Kimberley Reed in the libretto process helps ensure sensitivity and inclusion. While certain productions of *As One* have featured trans singers, the creators stop short of specifying that either role be portrayed by a trans person. I believe time will tell whether *As One* involves trans people to an appropriate extent, but reviews of the premiere were generally positive. In his *New York Times* review, David Allen describes the decision to use two voices as a response to “a quandary, solved with winning humor and a satisfying emotional arc: how to make Hannah’s story universal, while reflecting her transition?” He goes on to comment that, “[t]he dual personality is clearly not ideal,”<sup>12</sup> yet he gives no further explanation as to why not. We can only speculate that he is referring to the shortcomings of two cisgender vocalists who, despite rigorous dramaturgical work, cannot begin to portray the trans experience completely.

While I cannot make a generalization about the overall reaction among trans people to *As One*, I can comment on individual opinions from my own collaborators, potential collaborators, and libretto respondents who are trans. With the caveat that they are purely anecdotal, my impressions were that these collaborators had varied responses, some significantly more negative than Allen’s review. Kristofer Eckelhoff, a trans vocalist, current musicology doctoral student, and one of several candidates we

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<sup>11</sup> David Allen, “‘As One’ Has its Premiere in Brooklyn,” *New York Times*, September 5, 2014.

<sup>12</sup> *ibid.*

considered for the role of Charley, wrote the following: “Someone wrote an opera, *As One*, recently trying to depict the transfeminine experience, and not only did they mess it up with how the transgender voice works, but they casted cisgender people. So thanks for giving us a chance. This kind of presence really matters.”<sup>13</sup> The casting of cisgender people may be a fault of producers as much as the writers, particularly in the years after the opera premiered, when writers tend to relinquish some of their control over production aspects. Nevertheless, Kristofer’s broader point is still important: *As One* might rightfully be criticized for not including trans people in the capacity in which they are (literally) most visible—onstage, telling the story directly to the audience.

### 2.3 CASTING CALL

In an effort to avoid criticisms and strive for an inclusive and sensitive portrayal of Charley’s character, Cecelia and I decided that we would cast a trans or non-binary person as Charley. I did not know at the time how this decision would affect my compositional process, and specifically whether writing for a trans vocalist would require considerations beyond the usual range and Fach. But I knew the first step was to find a specific singer, which I insisted on for the simple reason that I could not begin writing without one. The human voice, regardless of whether the singer is transgender or not, is significantly more individualized than any instrument, so writing for a specific singer is good advice for any composer of vocal music. But with the added considerations of hormone treatments, gender presentation, potential vocal dysphoria, and a wide variety of possible ranges and Fach, I knew that I would be at a loss for how to proceed without a specific person’s voice in mind. So, Cecelia and I posted a call for trans and non-binary

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<sup>13</sup> Kristofer Eckelhoff, email message to author, October 3, 2018.

singers to Facebook, and within days we received replies from over a dozen interested vocalists.<sup>14</sup>

It was particularly interesting to me that, of the interested candidates, all were either trans men or non-binary people, and all were assigned female at birth. They were at various stages of their gender transitions, and there was a significant age range from college students to men in their 50s. Although we had not stipulated it in our casting call, they shared elements of a common experience that began with female sex assignment at birth, whether their journeys were male affirming or otherwise. I believe this is meaningful because it demonstrates the power of representation in art and entertainment. Considering that our call was for “all trans/nonbinary/genderqueer opera singers,”<sup>15</sup> the fact that none of the respondents identified as transfeminine demonstrated an acute sensitivity to the nuances of Charley’s portrayal. A man assigned female at birth, Charley’s character sparked the most interest in people with similar life experiences, and I hope that future productions would consider this in their casting as well. Of course, my view remains that all trans people are welcome to perform this role, and this includes trans women. Nevertheless, our first production has set a high standard for representation in Charley’s role, and the dramaturgical apparatus for any subsequent production should take a similarly painstaking approach to this character. I am proud of the standard to which my colleagues, including all the candidates for Charley’s role, have held me, and I would return the favor by insisting on a similar standard for future productions.

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<sup>14</sup> Cecelia Raker’s Facebook page, Accessed April 10, 2019, <<https://www.facebook.com/cecilia.raker/posts/10212400504307912>>.

<sup>15</sup> *ibid.*

## Chapter 3: Holden Madagame, Co-Creator

### 3.1 HOLDEN'S VOICE

Holden Madagame is a tenor and trans activist currently living in Görlitz, Germany. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 2012, where he studied under Stephen West as a mezzo soprano.<sup>16</sup> As I have been working with Holden as Charley, I am reminded of his centrality in my creative process, and the significance his story will have on the future of this work. He was excited from the beginning to play Charley, because we were offering him an opportunity he had never had before: not only to play a trans man onstage, but to sing lyrical music to an extent he hadn't been able to since before his transition.<sup>17</sup> I soon realized that his personal connection to the character and the music would be the most intellectually rewarding aspect of our collaboration—not the physical, morbid curiosity of writing for a trans voice. In fact, Holden's trans identity itself necessitated no additional physical or acoustic considerations for me regarding notes, range, dynamic, or Fach. I treated his voice as I would have any other tenor, his trans identity instead playing an important role in the narrative and metanarrative aspects of the opera.

In his blog post, *What's Interesting About my Voice*, Holden compares his vocal transition to the phenomenon cisgender boys experience during puberty, in an effort to normalize the trans singing voice.<sup>18</sup> I appreciated this perspective in my initial research on Holden, because it made my task less daunting. It brought an unfamiliar topic—namely, vocal transformation in trans men who take testosterone—into a more familiar

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<sup>16</sup> Holden Madagame, "Bio," *Holden Madagame: Tenor, Trans Activist*, accessed April 10 2019, <[www.holdenmadagame.com/about-2/](http://www.holdenmadagame.com/about-2/)>.

<sup>17</sup> Holden Madagame, interviewed by author, January 24, 2019.

<sup>18</sup> Holden Madagame, "What's Interesting About My Voice," *Holden Madagame: Tenor, Trans Activist*, accessed 10 April 2019, <[www.holdenmadagame.com/whats-interesting-about-my-voice/](http://www.holdenmadagame.com/whats-interesting-about-my-voice/)>.

light. As a pianist, I have coached teenage boys whose voices changed a relatively short time prior, and I learned that every voice is affected differently by puberty. Of course, we cannot compare Holden's voice to that of a teenage boy, considering his significant vocal experience prior to his transition. Nevertheless, the analogy helped me articulate to myself that vocal transition is, sonically, nothing more than a shift in pitch and timbre—parameters that can be thought of empirically and at face value. In fact, we can generalize this principle further to say that *voice type itself* consists of nothing more than pitch and timbre—or, in vocal terms, range and Fach.<sup>19</sup> Once I knew Holden's range and Fach, I could begin writing for him just as I would for any cisgender vocalist with a similar vocal profile.

Although he was selected simply to perform as Charley, I have come to think of Holden as a creator in his own right, as his vocal instrument has determined individual notes as much as my own free will as a composer. Having approached this project with no idea whom I would write for, I felt Holden's participation "collapsing the wave function" on a multitude of musical and dramatic parameters. Charley would be a tenor, which meant that he would occupy that area within a stratified musical space typically reserved for tenors (at least in my mind): the hero, the extrovert, the good guy. These character traits were finally clarified and on my conscious radar, even though, I will admit, I had already imagined a different Charley in my head—one that would not so easily go away. Whether I knew it or not, I viewed Charley as laconic and stoical—

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<sup>19</sup> In an interesting discussion with Holden, he told me that he viewed Fach as an aspect of the voice inextricably linked with gender stereotypes. Perhaps, culturally, we have come to treat Fach as more than just the timbre and quality of the voice, assigning certain gendered aspects and even personality traits to different voice types—for example, the idea that a mezzo soprano is more "masculine" than a soprano, or that a tenor is more "feminine" than a baritone. Because of this, it might be more appropriate to say that voice type *should* consist of nothing more than pitch and timbre, although in practice it does not always restrict itself to these parameters alone.

qualities that suggested the darker, heavier vocal quality of a baritone. My composing, it would turn out, took a while to catch up to my new perception of Charley as a tenor. In fact, my first draft of the score was chronically too low for Holden's voice, and he thankfully brought this issue to my attention.

Holden's suggestions to move certain passages upward were motivated, I suspect, by a concern for audibility and effective tessitura. But they inevitably became questions about the character as well: How urgent, how intense, how emotional are Charley's words at a given moment? What kind of expressive vocabulary is appropriate to accompany his actions onstage? A breakthrough came when I realized the extent to which pitch is intertwined with volume, perhaps more in vocal music than any instrumental genre. The string choir, for example, can play any dynamic in any range, while wind instruments have a slightly variable dynamic contour throughout their range. The human voice, however, displays both a dynamic and an emotional contour, with more strained and intense sound as the notes get higher. Of the many passages I changed, the following is particularly important. It features a standoff between Charley and the Husband, which Holden suggested could be "higher for dramatic effect":<sup>20</sup>

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<sup>20</sup> Holden Madagame, email message to author, January 17, 2019.



C. *f* You say no-thing of this to no-bo-dy. Not a damn word.  
 H. *f* What the de-vil? Yes, ma'am.  
 Vln. 1 *fff*  
 Vln. 2 *fff* *p*  
 Vla. *fff* *p*  
 Vc. *fff*  
 C. That's "sir" to you. I do the talk-ing  
 H. I on-ly  
 Vln. 1 *fff* *p* *f*<sub>sub.</sub>  
 Vln. 2 *fff* *p*  
 Vla. *fff* *p*  
 Vc. *fff* *pizz.* *f*

Figure 1: Charley and Husband: mm. 536 – 545, original

The musical score is divided into two systems, each spanning measures 536 to 545. The time signature changes from 2/4 to 3/4 and back to 2/4.

**System 1 (Measures 536-545):**

- Vocal C.:** "You say no-thing of this to no-bo-dy. Not a damn word."
- Vocal H.:** "What the de- vil? Yes, ma'am."
- Violins 1 & 2:** Play a melodic line with a crescendo from *fff* to *p* across measures 536-538, then a sustained *p* in measure 539, and a final *fff* in measure 540.
- Viola:** Mirrors the Violin 1 & 2 dynamics.
- Violoncello:** Sustained *fff* throughout the system.

**System 2 (Measures 536-545):**

- Vocal C.:** "That's 'sir' to you. I do the talk - ing"
- Vocal H.:** "I on - ly"
- Violins 1 & 2:** *fff* in measure 536, *p* in measure 537, then a *f sub.* (subito forte) in measure 538, sustained through measure 540.
- Viola:** Mirrors the Violin 1 & 2 dynamics.
- Violoncello:** *fff* in measure 536, *p* in measure 537, then a *pizz.* (pizzicato) in measure 538, sustained through measure 540.

Figure 2: Charley and Husband: mm. 536 – 545, revision

While musically simple, this example illustrates several important points about my revision process. First, the original draft is cautious. It is written with the hope that a wide range of voice types could sing the notes, since the pool of qualified singers is so severely restricted by the stipulation that they be trans or non-binary. The timid placement of notes within a generic range was my way of ensuring the opera's producibility, although I would ultimately abandon this plan in favor of multiple *ossia* options (discussed below). Second, the revision demonstrates the usefulness of chordal reordering as an alternative to transposition in order to create an effective rewriting. By "reordering," I refer simply to a change in chord voicing, in which notes are not shifted by a fixed interval (transposition), but rather stacked differently so as to change the individual pitches while maintaining harmonic integrity. Both these devices—transposition and reordering—proved indispensable tools for creating a wide range of options that could be sung by many different voice types, a priority for me in order to ensure a relatively healthy degree of producibility.

### **3.2 CLEF CONSIDERATIONS**

A further insight into Charley's role, and yet another reason it was too low for Holden, concerns my clef choice. My first draft of *Good Country* put Charley in bass clef. This idea came from our casting interviews, when one of the candidates suggested using bass clef for its gendered implications. This suggestion stuck with me even after I knew I would be writing for Holden, who is a tenor and typically reads treble clef. I liked the idea of using bass clef to affirm Charley's gender, an important theme in our libretto. I ended up with passages like this one, which has more ledger lines than tenors are typically used to:

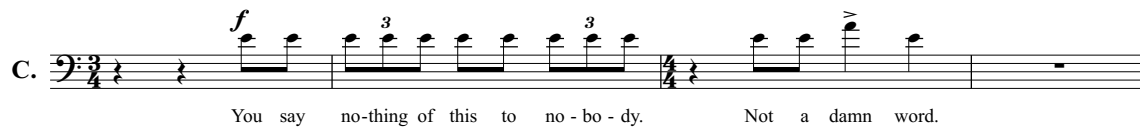


Figure 3: Charley: mm. 537 – 539, bass clef

After writing my first draft of the score with Charley entirely in bass clef, I soon realized that I had written the part too low simply in order to avoid ledger lines. This did prove oddly fortuitous, since I could use the lower versions to create *ossia* passages. Eventually, though, Holden succinctly persuaded me against bass clef, both for practical and symbolic reasons:

I don't think clefs need to change based on the gender of the person using it. That defeats the practicality of why we use clefs, which is to keep our notes on staves that make sense to us. It also creates a needless binary where there isn't any. Countertenors are male and use treble clef. Lucia Lucas is a woman, and uses bass clef because she's a bass baritone. I normally use a treble clef because that's what tenors use.<sup>21</sup>

### 3.3 OSSIA PASSAGES

The overall result of Holden's suggestions was an effective and idiomatic tenor part that left little room for other voice types—in other words, exactly what well-crafted opera role should be. I took his suggestions to heart, and eventually I decided to change the notes in treble clef, tailoring everything to his voice. But what I had gained by effectively specializing the part for Holden, I had lost in potential producibility. Restricting both voice type and extra musical identity (trans or ninbinary) of Charley's vocalist would likely preclude performance by many qualified, enthusiastic people

<sup>21</sup> Holden Madagame, email message to author, January 23, 2019.

beyond Holden, and it was particularly telling that Charley's notes were now wholly unsuitable for all of the other candidates I had interviewed. I set about exploring the *ossia* options I had planned, keeping in mind that much of the work was already done for me in my first draft. In addition to keeping many of the original lower passages, I began adding higher alternatives, so that Charley's part could potentially be sung by three different voice types: baritone, tenor, and contralto (or countertenor).

Opening up Charley's role to these three options made me optimistic about the role's versatility, although it was not without challenges. The first hurdle was determining which voice types to allow. I purposely excluded soprano options for two reasons: (1) I wanted a to differentiate between Charley and the Barmaid, and I felt that their duets would be most effective in separate ranges; and (2), I wanted to stay faithful to the principle of affirming Charley's male gender. Vocally, this meant taking the artistic liberty of avoiding the highest voice type—a decision that seemed at first to go against historical accuracy, since the Parkhurst obviously never underwent hormone treatment. However, there is a degree of authenticity even in this decision, as we know that the historical Charley had a low voice, likely resulting from tobacco use<sup>22</sup> (an aspect of the character we explore in one of the ariosos). So, it made sense to allow Charley's notes to sit in the lower-to-mid range of the vocal pitch spectrum.

The notation for Charley's three vocal options requires some explanation. In the score, Charley's staves are marked with **C**, **T**, and **B** for contralto, tenor, and baritone. **T** and **B** share the same staff, written in octave treble clef. In many instances, their notes are the same, resulting in a single line as in the following example:

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<sup>22</sup> Author unknown, "Overlooked No More: Charley Parkhurst, Gold Rush Legend With a Hidden Identity," *New York Times*, December 5, 2018.



Figure 4: Charley: tenor and baritone, mm. 678 – 681

When different notes are called for between **T** and **B**, but no change in the accompaniment is necessary, they are written on the same staff, much like a divisi in a choral score. The following example begins with different notes for **T** and **B**, with the parts joining mid-phrase:



Figure 5: Charley: tenor and baritone, mm. 372 – 376

In this instance, the tenor part is in fact within the standard range of a baritone. However, considering that the line is not emotionally climactic—Charley is trying to lighten the mood in this passage—I wanted to avoid the extremes of the baritone’s range. This question came up continually while I was composing the *ossia* passages: while certain notes may work in multiple voice types, I wanted the emotion of the line to dictate how high or low they would be. This careful control of pitch—crucial to maintaining both comfortable range for the singer and a dramatically appropriate gesture for the scene—could only be accomplished, in this case, by the chordal reordering process I mentioned before. The B♭ major harmony<sup>23</sup> of the accompaniment (not shown) can be

<sup>23</sup> In this case, “B♭ major harmony” refers to a collection of accompanimental pitches derived from the B♭ major scale, rather than a B♭ major triad.

preserved because the *ossias* merely articulate the phrase on different chord tones, bringing the music into a more comfortable range without destructively affecting the accompaniment or creating unwanted key changes. In fact, reordering became the primary means for me to create *ossias*, with only three passages in the opera that had to be transposed. In these cases, a rewrite of the accompaniment is required, and the tenor's *ossia* options are given in the score's appendices.

In order to add the contralto option, I followed much of the same process, using a treble clef without an octave indication. Here is an example where Charley's part is split into two staves, treble for C and octave treble for T and B:

Figure 6: Charley: contralto, tenor, and baritone, mm. 697 – 702

Sometimes, the distance between C and T (or C and B, or C and T,B) is an octave. In these cases, a parenthetical octave treble clef is used. Many times, particularly when the notes fall between written D4 and D5 on the treble clef staff, the notes are comfortable for all three voice types, and a single line with a parenthetical treble clef is used:

Figure 7: Charley: contralto, tenor, and baritone, mm. 487 – 488

While this process of frequently changing clefs throughout the score was cumbersome for me, the goal of such notation is to create an easy reading experience for the performer. The vocalist is instructed to simply locate the staff with the appropriate letter—**C**, **T**, or **B**—and sing the appropriate notes on that staff. If one of the letters does not appear in the score, it is given in an appendix. While my goal is to use a few staves as possible for Charley, I also wanted to abide by Holden’s suggestion to use clefs that the given voice types are used to seeing. Unfortunately for me, my chosen voice types prefer three different clefs: treble, octave treble, and bass. While I could reconcile the first two through the use of a parenthetical octave treble, clean notation would require sacrificing the third and writing the **B** in octave treble clef. Perhaps as a result of this, but more likely because of its relatively high range, I have come to think of this lowest option as a bari-tenor rather than a baritone.

In my performance instructions at the beginning of the score, I discourage the performer from switching between voice types mid performance, although I am willing to allow it as a recognition of the individualization of the human voice, and in the hope that performers will use their best judgement. I am reluctant to allow free switching because the three options are conceived as separate entities, not as parts of a whole that can be arranged in different combinations. In addition, much of my work in deciding *ossia* passages has been to bring out the appropriate emotions in each passage, beyond making sure everything is in a comfortable range. The performer, therefore, is encouraged to consider character portrayal, dramatic impact, and overall storytelling when deciding on an alternate voice type for a particular passage, most likely in consultation with the opera’s director. In addition, the tenor part has already been “vetted” through Holden’s performance, and my hope for the future of this opera is that the remaining parts will



receive a similar scrutiny, resulting in equally rewarding collaborations with other trans singers, as well as a more refined score to appropriately tell Charley's story with alternate voice types.

## Chapter 4: Musical Material and Motivic Development

### 4.1 ARIA VERSUS RECITATIVE

While composing the music for *Good Country*, I abided as much as possible by the guiding principle of recitative-aria dualism. According to Jette Barnholdt Hansen, the conventional understanding of this dualism is that “arias are seen as music and recitatives are seen as drama.”<sup>24</sup> This was a good starting point for me: I figured I would approach plot-driven text as recitative, and expressive or introspective text as aria. I intended for a clear distinction between the two, marked by harmonic cadences and changes in texture or instrumentation. I also expected, before receiving Cecelia’s libretto, that portions of the text would be either inherently poetic or prosaic. Desiring an effective, operatically idiomatic libretto, I asked her to write words that would suggest obvious compositional decisions, in some cases leaving me no choice as to recitative or aria. She thankfully gave careful thought to this dualism, both in the text itself and its timing. However, despite such careful planning, I encountered challenges that eventually forced me to question my limited understanding of the aria-recitative dualism.

One challenge was the length of the opera. While a 45-minute one-act opera would not normally pose problems balancing recitative with aria, *Good Country* is a special case because it contains so much plot for its short duration. During the 45 minutes, the audience witnesses two flash-forwards, a domestic argument, a retelling of a Sugarfoot’s death, a drunken fight, a man’s death, a miscarriage, a complicated reveal of transgender identity, and a pact of secrets. Given so much action, it was unreasonable for me to expect that each character would sing a full aria as I had hoped. Stretching the

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<sup>24</sup> Jette Barnholdt Hansen. From antithesis to dynamic dialectics: The dualism of aria and recitative in opera seria” in *Nordic theatre studies* 17 (2005), 23-30.

length of the opera to accommodate these potential arias would not help matters, as the actions demanded particular timing to lend them credence. In this way, I found that my insistence on a strong plot, which was still highly important to me, was at odds with my more inherently musical desire to fill the opera with beautiful, soaring arias, and I would need to find a way to reconcile these opposing priorities.

A second challenge involved achieving musical continuity, as I did not want the opera to be sectional. Even though I intended for delineation between recitative and aria, partitioning the opera into many segments—especially ones that were the same length—was not a goal of mine. I suppose the ghosts of my compositional past prompted this obsession. A teacher had once told me in 2010 that my music was “filled with neon signs”—that is, that its transitional moments were too obvious. Although the sectional operas consisting of a series of numbers are not uncommon—*Peter Grimes* is a good example—I was persuaded, rightly or not, by a quote I had read from Nadia Boulanger about Gershwin’s *Porgy and Bess*: “Oh well, he did not know how to write an opera. There is no continuity, only a series of numbers.”<sup>25</sup> Unlike Boulanger, I love *Porgy and Bess* and found that it strongly influenced the fight scene in *Good Country*; Crown’s death served as a model for composing such passages out of previously presented motives. Nevertheless, I recognized its sectional, musical theater-like attributes, even if I did not share Boulanger’s disparagement, and I wanted to avoid such a construction in favor of continuity and lyricism.

In her article, Barnholdt Hansen provides a more nuanced understanding aria and recitative. She abandons the notion of “dualism” for “dialectics”—a recognition that arias and recitatives can comment on each other: An aria may contain dramatic elements

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<sup>25</sup> Herb Galewitz, ed, *Music: A Book of Quotations*, New York: Dover (2001), 6.

typically reserved for a recitative, while recitative may contain expressive elements typically reserved for an aria.<sup>26</sup> A similar realization led to my solution to the challenges in *Good Country*: I did not need to treat aria and recitative as binary opposites, but rather as endpoints a continuum. Some passages would demand a purely recitative treatment with all or most syllables articulated on a single pitch. Others would be recitative-like in their rapid delivery and syllabic setting, but with elements of aria through their use of musical motif. Still others would be formalized ariosos, with text repetition and consistent accompaniment texture, but whose durations fall short of that of a full aria. Finally, there are two full, formalized arias in the opera, sung by Charley and the Barmaid. Although there is a distinct hierarchy even between these (discussed below), they contain the most introspective and poetic text of the opera, and therefore the most lyrical musical settings.

**Recitative:** Rehearsal D1, F2

**Informal Arioso:** Rehearsal I, W

**Formal Arioso:** Rehearsal S, V

**Aria:** Rehearsal Q1, J2

Albeit an imperfect illustration of this spectrum, examples of these four levels of text setting are given above. (See rehearsal numbers in the full score, Appendix 2). I call them recitative, informal arioso, formal arioso, and aria. These are not sorted categories, but rather various points on a continuum, and every musical passage in the opera occupies a unique place on that continuum. Nevertheless, it was useful for me to think of

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<sup>26</sup> Barnholdt Hansen focuses on opera seria of the early and mid 18<sup>th</sup> century; however, I believe Mozart's treatment of aria and recitative is also an excellent example of this concept of dialectics. By abandoning the formalism of the Da capo aria, Mozart not only allows for greater expressive capacity in his arias, but he creates the ability for an aria to advance or clarify plot points. *Non più Andrai* from *The Marriage of Figaro* is a good example; the aria gives Figaro the chance to wax poetically, but it also clarifies through extension and repetition, the plot point of Cherubino's departure from the Count Almaviva's palace.

these different levels in order to decide how much I wanted to emphasize or not emphasize a particular text. In addition, the previously mentioned question about whose story this opera tells—Charley’s or the Barmaid’s—could be informed by the degree of formalization in each character’s arias or ariosos. For example, Charley’s aria at rehearsal Q1, which Holden calls the “Breathe Aria” (a term I will also use), is longer and more formalized than the Barmaid’s aria about encounters with Native Americans. That is to say, it is more toward the aria side of the continuum. This slight disparity between their arias helps focus the opera’s energy on Charley and communicates to the audience that Charley’s character is equally important to the Barmaid, even though the latter is onstage for longer.

At times, it was a challenge to determine where a particular text lay on the aria-recitative spectrum. As a result, the above examples are as much the result of my own decision process as Cecelia’s, and sometimes my music was needed to clarify textual hierarchy within the libretto. This is not to say that the libretto passages have a weak hierarchy on their own, or that the words are never inherently aria-like or recitative-like. Rather, the text is always strongly grounded in plot and dialogue, regardless of its lyrical or poetic qualities. Even the Breathe Aria, the most formalized musical passage of the entire opera, is grounded in reality through its pretext of addressing the Barmaid. Charley speaks of his own past experience of giving birth in order to comfort the Barmaid during her miscarriage, and the long, colorful explication of his gender dysphoria are in response to her request: “Keep talking, damn you.” With a libretto whose text was based almost entirely in plausible reality, and timed as if spoken in the real world, it became the prerogative of music to depart from that reality. Music, as a result, is used to raise the

words from their literal, immediate function as questions, responses, exclamations, and explanations, ultimately clarifying plot points and character intentions.

## 4.2 THE BREATHE ARIA MELODY

The Breathe Aria, beginning at rehearsal Q1, is the clear emotional epicenter of the opera. Because of its central importance, and because of the need for the music to transport us outside of reality, I begin the composition process there. I did not want to start at the beginning of the opera, but rather at what Leonard Meyer would call the “syntactical climax.” I was inspired by this concept when I read Brad Osborn’s work on rock music, in which Osborn references Meyer’s idea that there are two kinds of climaxes in music: statistical and syntactical. The former refers to moments when musical parameters reach their extremes—loudest dynamic, thickest instrumental texture, or widest instrumental range—and the latter refers to moments when a central conflict or tension reaches a culmination point that ultimately resolves.<sup>27</sup> In *Good Country*, I saw the syntactical climax as a plateau in the Barmaid’s miscarriage scene, accompanied by Charley’s aria.<sup>28</sup> (The statistical climax, meanwhile, is the fight scene and the Husband’s death). In its own way, the miscarriage scene stops time and brings together disparate musical motives, previously heard as fragments, into a coherent whole. The Breathe Aria, whose music is drastically different from anything previous in mood and character, delivers the syntactical climax by focusing the plot: We see that the opera is really about Charley and the Barmaid, and this clarification is reinforced musically by a cumulative plateau of coalescing melodic ideas.

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<sup>27</sup> Brad Osborn, “Subverting the Verse–Chorus Paradigm: Terminally Climactic Forms in Recent Rock Music” (2013), *Music Theory Spectrum* 35 (1), 35.

<sup>28</sup> I use the word “scene” to refer generally to an episode of music and singing, rather than the conventional use of the term in opera, since *Good Country* is, in fact, a single scene.

I began composing the Breathe Aria by generating a melody that would be featured in the string quartet. I was eager to set text, but I felt the vocal part would be easier to write if I superimposed it on and synthesized it with a fixed, existing musical theme. This process ensured that the instrumental melody could potentially become a unifying musical theme in the opera, as all further developments of the melody, whether following or preceding the Breathe Aria, would fragment out of this unbroken, central statement. I could use the melody to bring together the varied poetic stanzas of the Breathe Aria, as well as making it a reference point for other passages of the opera. The melody consists of three phrases—one minor, one major-pentatonic, and one minor again with chromatic harmony—and it evokes to me the plaintive simplicity of the saloon setting, along with the mysteriousness of Charley’s character:



Figure 8: Phrase 1, Breathe Aria Melody, mm. 674 – 677 (unaccompanied viola)



Figure 9: Phrase 2, Breathe Aria Melody, mm. 705 – 708 (melody begins in violin 1 and transfers to violin 2)



Figure 10: Phrase 3, Breathe Aria melody, mm. 735 – 736; 738 – 739 (melody in violins, chromatic harmony in viola and cello)

In narrative terms, I thought of this melody as a leitmotif. While it is impossible to avoid Wagner in any discussion about leitmotif, he is particularly relevant here because of what I draw from his compositional process. Like Wagner's leitmotifs, mine occur primarily in the accompaniment and are never heard directly in the voice. This was an important decision, because it allowed me a degree of freedom and flexibility with text setting. I could better follow the whims and irregularities of the text if I was not burdened



a procrustean bed of melodic attachments, and I found I could best achieve this by farming out my melodic attachments to wordless instrumental writing. As a result, the stanzas of the Breathe Aria occur mainly *between* the three melodic phrases: cadences are elongated, or music is interpolated to accommodate Charley's rhapsodic vocal developments. While I do not know if Wagner's compositional rationale was the same, I am familiar with a similar phenomenon in the famous *Ride of the Valkyries*: the iconic brass motif is relegated to the accompaniment, while Brünnhilde and the other Valkyries' vocal episodes occur in orchestrally thinner spaces between statements of the leitmotif.<sup>29</sup>

Unlike Wagner's leitmotifs, however, mine are less concrete in their references. Rather than representing a character or object, the Breathe Aria's melody simply conjures up my impressions of a time and place. In addition, I use the melody earlier in the opera to function in different contexts. Here, in its only complete statement outside the Breathe Aria, Phrase 1 accompanies Charley's entrance into the saloon in melodramatic fashion:

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<sup>29</sup> Richard Wagner, *Die Walküre: Vocal Score*, Mineola, New York: Dover, 2005.

Figure 11: Charley’s entrance music, mm. 170 – 174 (Phrase 1 in cello)

Sometimes, these earlier references to the melody appear as fragments, resulting in what Peter Burkholder terms “cumulative form”—a coalescence of musical ideas, in which a theme is not presented in its entirety at first, but rather is allowed to emerge from a seemingly incoherent collection of smaller pieces. This process runs counter to what I am used to in sonata form, in which themes are fragmented only after their initial presentation, but I found it an effective way to musically parallel the reveal of Charley’s gender—revealing, in a similar way, the musical expression of his character. Fragments of the Breathe Aria melody occur throughout the opera, but the following is a particularly

good example, in which I use fragments of Phrase 1 to accompany a moments of aggression and adversarial confrontation. Similar passages recur several times:

Figure 12: “Fight” motif, mm. 532 – 535 (fragments of Phrase 1 in violin 1)

In another, similar development of Phrase 1, the melody appears in a stealthier character, accompanying Charley’s “tobacco” arioso:

C.B. To - back-er's the sign; when I'm a lit - tle skeer'd, I chaw more than or - di-na - ry.

Vln. 1 *col legno* *p*

Vln. 2 *pp* *arco* *p*

Vla. *p* *arco* *col legno* *ord.*

Vc. *col legno* *p* *ord.* *col legno*

Figure 13: “Tobacco” arioso, opening, mm. 379 – 383 (fragments of Phrase 1 in cello and viola)

Phrase 2 receives a similar treatment through anticipatory fragmentation prior to its statement in the aria, appearing at the height of conflict in the fight scene. Again, I took advantage of the compositional process of writing sections out of order, fragmenting of the melody before it is heard in its entirety. The character transformation is extremely stark here, as the flowing, pentatonic lyricism has become aggressively pulse-based and dissonant in a bitonal context:



Figure 14: Fight scene interlude, mm. 559 – 562 (fragments of Phrase 2 in violin 1; fragments of Phrase 1 in violin 2 and viola)

Phrase 3, the most harmonically striking of the three, does not undergo this kind of fragmentation—that is, it is heard for the first time in the Breathe Aria as a complete statement. Because of its unique harmonic character, I wanted to save Phrase 3 for a syntactically climactic moment. This is when Charley sings the cathartic line, “And escape in the night / Beautiful freedom.” The chromatic chords, borrowed in part from the parallel major key, provide a harmonic idea for the poignant and mysterious mood that pervades much of the opera’s second half. Phrase 3 comes to prominence in the extended instrumental interlude before the epilogue, in which Charley exits the saloon while the Barmaid tidies up, hiding the evidence that she killed her husband:

Figure 15: Interlude, mm. 930 – 933 (Phrase 3 in violins)

### 4.3 HARMONY AND PITCH ORGANIZATION

Harmonically, Phrase 3 forms the basis for much of my pitch language in the opera. In particular, the triadic progression I – ii – iii –  $\flat$ II –  $\flat$ VI, often truncated to I – ii – ii, or just I – ii, allows me to create a harmonic bed over which I could superimpose many different pitch ideas: tritone-based harmonies (see opening duet, mm. 1 – 26, ii – I in B major); triadic passages with suggestions of quartal and quintal harmonies superimposed (see Doctor’s “patter song” passage, mm. 406 – 424, with the entire Phrase 3 progression

in A<sup>b</sup> major); and more straight-forward triadic passages (see Doctor and Lady's entrance music, 147 – 150, I – ii in G major). In a more general sense, the harmonic progression in Phrase 3 gave me a tonal vocabulary for the opera that provided asymmetry and polarity without relying on the traditional tonic-dominant axis of common practice music. While it is an imperfect analogy,<sup>30</sup> the conventional V-I duality is replaced, in my opera, with ii – I, a parallel progression derived from the harmony in Phrase 3 that features the supertonic triad as the main point of tension. This harmonic duality pervades virtually every section of the opera, but it is possibly best illustrated in the prologue and epilogue, where a C# drone resolves to a B (mm. 1 – 48; 950 – end).

#### 4.4 INSTRUMENTATION

Principally a triadic, tonal work, *Good Country* almost always features triads in open position (voiced in fifths and sixths) because of the ease with which string instruments can play them. Thus, while the triadic framework derived from Phrase 3 served as an abstract idea that I could use to unify the harmonic content of the opera, the harmonic language is in many ways more concretely derived from my string quartet instrumentation. In particular, the interval of the fifth, especially when played aggressively on open strings, became leitmotif for images of the wild west. I associate it with openness—even lawlessness—and the opening of Aaron Copland's ballet *Billy the Kid* provides an excellent example of this topical use of the interval in a wistful context.<sup>31</sup>

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<sup>30</sup> I consider this analogy to be imperfect because of the highly contrapuntal basis for the V-I or V7-I duality through tendency tones in the major and minor scales, while in my ii-I duality there is no such contrapuntal basis for the duality.

<sup>31</sup> Aaron Copland, *Billy the Kid*, New York: Boosey and Hawkes, n.d.

In *Good Country*, I imagined passages like the following depicting rowdiness, crudeness, and perhaps even an unrefined sense of musical taste:

Figure 16: Fight scene interlude, mm. 593 – 594 (open fifths in violin 1, second measure)

I chose string quartet, in part, because I was impressed with how well it worked in *As One*. My music is not stylistically similar to Kaminsky's, and I do not envision *Good Country* working as a companion piece to *As One* or being programmed alongside it. Nevertheless, I felt that the intimacy that the quartet gives to *As One* aligned well with what I wanted to achieve in *Good Country*. In addition, Cecelia has hopes that this opera could be performed in a real bar, giving the audience an immersive experience. With this aim in mind, the practicality of the string quartet seemed appropriate. Finally, I can see *Good Country* functioning well as a collegiate opera. Its production needs are both modest and flexible, and the vocal parts are easy enough for undergraduate and graduate students alike. The stipulation to cast a trans singer as Charley will, hopefully, become increasingly practical as trans visibility increases, and trans opera singers are provided the support to pursue gender and vocal transition without it adversely affecting their



careers. With these issues in mind, I have designed the production requirements of *Good Country* to be as straightforward as possible, while providing a fun and emotionally engaging experience for the audience.

### 4.3 CONCLUSION

After our workshop production through University of Texas's Cohen New Works Festival, my sincerest hope for this opera is that it will help Holden accomplish his goal of trans visibility and increased awareness of issues trans opera singers face. This has been a primary point emphasized through the advertising surrounding this project. In addition, as both this essay and the opera itself demonstrate, *Good Country* is about a wide variety of themes: trans-positivity, toxic masculinity, feminism, intersectionality, allyship, and history, as well as pure drama and entertainment. I have learned a great deal through writing this opera, and the collaborative aspect of our work has been especially rewarding. As Cecelia, Holden, and I continue to pursue our careers in music, the themes that arose from our creation process—reconciliation between practices in theater and music, issues of representation in both disciplines, the intersectionality of several social statements within the same work, and considerations of storytelling and creating a dramatic, emotionally satisfying arc, to name just a few—will continue to be primary discussions as we pursue the development of *Good Country* alongside any other work we pursue.

## Appendix 1: Good Country, Libretto

### Good Country

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A Chamber Opera for Ensemble and Saloon

libretto  
Cecelia Raker

music  
Keith Allegretti

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**CHARLEY** A dignified man in his 50s, assigned female at birth. Cast flexibly based on gender identity of the singer—ideally a trans man; at least a singer who identifies as nonbinary or genderqueer. Ossia options for mezzo and baritone, with awareness of how transition can affect the voice.

**BARMAID** An entrepreneur, formerly a sex worker, 30s. A woman of color. Soprano.

**HUSBAND** A former miner, a hard man, 30s. Baritone.

**DOCTOR** A medical doctor, blustery, 25-70. Tenor.

**LADY** A proper young lady, 16-35. Soprano.

A "BAND" in the saloon, consisting of the instruments that orchestrate the opera, positioned such that its conductor can also easily see and be seen by the singers.

SUPERNUMERARIES and TECH folks, the "staff" and patrons of the saloon.

## NOTES ON CASTING

### **Consider historical data and race:**

Charley Parkhurst was white.

Prostitutes and woman restaurant-owners like the Barmaid were historically mostly Chinese, South American, White, or Native American in California during this time period. There is less documentation of other women of color in those roles.

Miners like the Husband were Chinese, Latino, or White; less frequently also Black and Native American.

Medical doctors during the California Gold Rush were almost all White or Chinese.

**Consider intersectionality:** California during this time period was a wild amalgam of prospectors and immigrants from all over the US, South America, China, Europe. Many different racial combinations can work for this cast, with the right intentional treatment. Be aware of the nuances of color-conscious casting: racism was and is alive and well, and intersecting identities will lend different connotations to the story (for example, consider what it is to put an abusive man onstage and then kill him if he is cast as a person of color, and whether you are prepared to do the work to deeply engage and mitigate the harmful stereotypes that reinforces). We've left many options open, writing alternate lyrics and music so as to make casting singers of color and singers familiar with the experiences of not being cisgender as feasible as possible. Hire folks familiar with trans, nonbinary, and genderqueer experiences in roles beyond Charley's, especially if you are not able to cast a singer who identifies as trans in that role. Rights will not

be granted to productions of this opera with an entirely cisgender cast and staff, or with a cast and staff where the only person of color is the Barmaid.

### **SETTING**

A dive bar, decked out to feel like a saloon in California during the Gold Rush. We are initially and finally in 1879, with the bulk of the opera a flashback to 1861. Ideally, perform this opera in an actual bar, with audience immersed in the action.

*A grungy saloon in northern California, late December 1879. CHARLEY leans on the bar—it is a few days after his death. The BARMAID wears an apron and surveys her domain, setting up for an evening of customers. She cannot see CHARLEY.*

CHARLEY  
Always did say  
Kick the bucket one of these days,  
and that's the last of old Charley.  
Papers keep yammering  
how folks knew all along—  
I never told a soul out West.  
Except for you that night in 1861.  
Chawed more tobacker than ordinary for months after.  
But you never did speak up.

BARMAID  
Keep thinking I'll look over and see him leaning there again.

*She pours a drink and slides it toward CHARLEY. He doesn't touch it.*

CHARLEY  
Always wondered what your life would be,  
a hundred years from now, two hundred.  
Wonder what mine would be, then.

BARMAID  
Damn papers, yammering.

CHARLEY  
Never told a soul.  
Except for you that night in 1861.

BARMAID  
You are who you are.  
I know the truth.

*She picks up the drink she poured and raises it in a silent toast, then pours it out. CHARLEY tips his hat and disappears. She doesn't notice; she's remembering, and it takes us back to the summer of 1861 in the early evening. Maybe she flips a calendar page or tacks up a poster with a date? The BARMAID scrubs furiously at glasses behind the bar. A clattering comes from the kitchen, and then out comes the Barmaid's HUSBAND. The saloon is empty still.*

HUSBAND  
What'd you say to me?

BARMAID  
I know the truth.

HUSBAND  
How're you so certain? I suspect—

BARMAID  
The child is yours.

HUSBAND  
Ain't a reason to tell me how I use my money.

BARMAID  
With a baby coming,  
we oughta be prudent is all.

HUSBAND  
If dollars and cents are that tight—  
You're playing the painted cat already.  
I see how you're looking at other men.  
You should charge, like the old days,  
before I saved you.  
Seeing as how you haven't changed your ways.

BARMAID  
You never saved me.  
I remember you, lost and scared  
Under the bluster of your miner's wear  
I dug for gold same as you, all told

HUSBAND  
Faithful only as long as I was rich—

BARMAID  
Gold at your heart, and I'm sure it's still there.  
I thought, "Here's a real man, an equal partner--"

HUSBAND  
Equal?! Me? To a sporting woman?

BARMAID  
Ever since your mud didn't pan out and you got to skulking around here

You are catawomptiously unfriendly.  
I would not mind it a mite if you were to get yourself a real job again.

HUSBAND  
I have a job!  
And a real man don't allow his woman to manage his enterprise.

BARMAID  
I was feeding people here *before* you quit digging.  
And I earn more than your dirt ever did.

*He raises his hand to strike her. She flinches.*

BARMAID  
Take what you want from the box.

*He does, laughing. She straightens and studies him.*

BARMAID  
You look tired—

HUSBAND  
And your face looks like a dime's worth of buzzard meat!  
I can't for my eyes remember  
how you hornswoggled me into marriage,  
but I can sure raise my belt  
if you don't quit telling me how to run this business—

*He swallows his curses as a whole stagecoach worth of passengers pile through the door. Among them are a DOCTOR, pale and sweating, and a LADY, exhilarated.*

DOCTOR  
Hurry it up, girl! As a doctor of medicine,  
I prescribe a general treat of stiff drinks  
For every rattled body in our coach.

BARMAID  
You got it, Doc. What's the occasion?

LADY  
Survival!  
Oh, he saved us all!

BARMAID  
Who now?

LADY  
A hero!

DOCTOR  
Greatest stagecoach driver in all of history!

LADY  
A deed of daring!

DOCTOR  
Courage!

LADY  
Chivalry!

DOCTOR  
Gumption!

*CHARLEY, the stagecoach driver, ambles in through the front door, removing his hat. He's a middle-age man with a patch over one eye. The BARMAID hastily straightens her apron.*

HUSBAND  
Old One-Eye, with Wells Fargo?  
That's the kind of real man you want?  
Horse kicked his eye, but at least he's somebody's employee!

*HUSBAND slams his way back into the kitchen.*

CHARLEY  
Someone's got his dander up.

BARMAID  
Well if it ain't our Charley, best whip in the west.

DOCTOR  
To Master Parkhust, hip-hip-hooray!

*The room begins to fill up with the night's patrons. HUSBAND is in and out of the kitchen, serving tables and watching the others. More customers are filled out in our imaginations as lights come up to reveal the audience at tables in the bar.*

LADY  
Hooray!



BARMAID  
Hooray?

CHARLEY  
Just another dead bandit today.

HUSBAND  
Don't see the fuss.

DOCTOR  
Sugarfoot himself.

BARMAID  
No!

CHARLEY  
Damn right.

LADY  
I just wanted an adventure.

HUSBAND  
Ha! Sugarfoot's nothing.

CHARLEY  
Tell that to all the drivers and coaches he's robbed blind.

BARMAID  
I want the whole tale straight!

LADY  
The horror!  
No better way from San Jose to Santa Cruz,  
they said.  
Perfectly safe, most of the time,  
they said.

HUSBAND  
Ain't never heard nobody say the West were perfectly safe.

LADY  
Here we come up, up upon a rise,  
horses huffing, gee up, gee up—  
When suddenly! surrounded by bandits!

DOCTOR  
Guns drawn!

CHARLEY  
Got the name of Sugarfoot  
for the burlap in his boot.  
Heard he got the toes froze off  
one winter night.

*LADY grabs the DOCTOR and wraps a hanky round one of his feet. Doc waves  
an empty bottle as a gun.*

LADY  
Stomp Stomp, waving his persuader  
so close you can see the pearl inlaid,  
Stomp, Stomp, and he hollers:

DOCTOR  
"Throw down the gold box!"

LADY  
I'll hear it in my dreams forever!

DOCTOR  
Throw down the gold box!

LADY  
Should have listened, should have never,  
Mama told me to read a novel,  
but I insisted on travel.  
What possessed me to come out here?!  
Should have listened, should have never,  
Mama told me to read a novel,  
but I insisted on travel.  
What possessed me to come out here?!

DOCTOR  
Throw down the gold box!  
Throw down the gold box!  
Throw down, throw down—

ALL  
Throw down the gold box!  
Throw down the gold box!  
Throw down the gold box!

LADY  
Bandits growling, my heart is pounding  
I'm fainting, I'm fainting!

*The Doctor catches her, and she swats at him—it's just a retelling, after all.*

LADY  
—when CRACK goes Master Parkhurst's whip!  
Off we gallop, to outrun the ruckus—

*The LADY gallops around the bar, bowling straight through the tipsy Doctor,  
who stumbles into a table and knocks it over, a whole reenacted mess.*

LADY  
--but bandits carry shotguns, and their aim is true.  
So up stood our driver, despite the speed,  
six-shooter blazing 'til they were dead in the dirt!

DOCTOR  
He saved our lives and the gold box!

LADY  
Shot down those outlaws like bottles on a fence!  
*(A moment of exhilarated silence)*  
Not that I've ever seen bottles shot off a fence.  
Not I.

BARMAID  
Sugarfoot himself.

*DOCTOR looks down at his foot, puzzled, and begins to divest himself of the  
hanky around his ankle.*

HUSBAND  
Sounds as if y'all just cut dirt to run away.

DOCTOR  
No bandit could survive Charley's professional aim.

HUSBAND  
So you escaped a rowdy. Ain't that just a part of the job?

BARMAID

Hobble your lip.

HUSBAND  
Devil take your horseshit and—

CHARLEY  
I'll gladly take that drink the good Doctor offered.

BARMAID  
What'll it be?

*DOCTOR sidles up to HUSBAND. CHARLEY settles down on a stool at the bar.  
Their separate conversations take place intercut with each other:*

CHARLEY  
Set me up your best coffin varnish,  
if you please, ma'am.

*The BARMAID slides a glass of whiskey  
over to CHARLEY, who tosses it back in one  
gulp and slides the glass back for a refill.*

BARMAID  
A polite customer.  
Been a while since I've been called  
aught but a lady of the line.  
But the whole damn thing was my idea.  
It was me with the thought to mine the miners,  
feed these newly rich men a decent meal  
For which you know they're grateful  
And grateful in California means gold  
Here it was me with the thoughts  
and the plans  
And him with that mouth  
and the back of his hand

CHARLEY  
Ain't it sposed to be me  
who tells you my life story?

*She laughs and moves down the bar to  
serve another customer.*

*DOCTOR grabs the HUSBAND  
as he passes by.*

DOCTOR  
You have in your saloon, sir,  
the greatest western hero  
since Kit Carson himself.

CHARLEY  
*(as she moves back toward his seat)*  
I killed a man today.

DOCTOR *(continued)*  
A true gentleman.

BARMAID  
I about did the same.  
The mess he made  
of our accounts!

HUSBAND  
Bunch of balderdash.

DOCTOR  
Balderdash?! Why I oughta—

HUSBAND  
You're mighty enamored of that whip,  
defending his reputation.  
Makes me wonder  
if we've got a Nancy-man on our hands.

LADY  
Sir!

CHARLEY  
Why do you stay?

BARMAID  
*(with bitter sarcasm)*  
Oh, I should strike out on my own?

DOCTOR  
Now  
Now  
Now  
Now you listen here!

BARMAID  
Buy me a whip, be a bullfighter girl

like the one in Virginia City?

*A lull in their conversation—  
CHARLEY maybe pushed her too far.  
He changes tactics.*

LADY  
That's right!  
And I'll thank you not to mention such  
unsavory notions with a lady present.

HUSBAND  
Well pardon me.

CHARLEY  
I killed a man today.  
Ain't gonna ask after

*HUSBAND makes his escape, clearing  
their glasses...*

my tenderhearted feelings?

BARMAID  
Sounds like a thundering frolic.

*He pulls some tobacco and chews during the rests in his aria.*

CHARLEY  
Tobacker's the sign;  
when I'm a little skeer'd,  
I chaw more'n ordinary.  
Then I know the road's bad.  
Tobacker's the sign;  
when I'm a little skeer'd,  
I chaw more'n ordinary.  
Then I know, I know the road's bad.  
He dry-gulched us  
Shoulda seen it comin.  
'Bout pissed myself.

BARMAID  
I would've.

CHARLEY  
That's proper,  
you're not accustomed to such things.  
Another. Please.

BARMAID  
I like to think I could shoot a bandit,  
if he were fixing to shoot me.

*He drinks.*

*...on HUSBAND's next pass through the room,  
DOCTOR launches into another tirade  
and loops HUSBAND back into their conversation.*

DOCTOR  
I simply think one must acknowledge  
When there's a hero in his midst.  
Sure, it's part of the job to defend the load  
But Parkhurst goes above and beyond.  
Is it part of the job  
to hang onto your reins like Old Scratch  
(begging your pardon, ma'am),  
even when your horses bolt  
to steer them back  
and save lives,  
not to mention the box?

LADY  
(*with glee*)  
How terrifying!

HUSBAND  
That was a nice trick.

DOCTOR  
A trick?!  
It earned him more respect  
than you're here giving, I'd say.

*DOCTOR looks like he might get violent,  
but the Lady whispers to him*

Good Country – Cecelia Raker <sup>13</sup>

*and changes his attention.  
She winks at the HUSBAND,  
who makes his getaway—  
but not before noticing how deep BARMAID  
is in conversation with CHARLEY.*

CHARLEY  
Plenty of girls  
running boardinghouses all on their own.

BARMAID  
And getting called brothels.

CHARLEY  
Honest work.

BARMAID  
Not what I want.

CHARLEY  
There's a lady in the paper who boasts that  
she made eighteen thousand dollars  
just by baking pies.  
I can personally attest  
to the quality of the pies you bake.  
It's a good country for women out west,  
I'll say it.

BARMAID  
A good country for women out west.

CHARLEY  
You could be anything.

BARMAID  
A good country for women out here  
If your skin's lily white  
and you're willing to flirt.  
Good country for getting called  
soiled dove and worse  
If you're not.  
Ain't so different from home:  
know your place.

CHARLEY  
Once knew a little girl back East



Beaten and put to hard labor  
in a home for abandons  
She got herself free  
If she could do it, why not you?

BARMAID

It ain't like that.  
It ain't so bad.

*She slides him another,  
and downs one herself.*

BARMAID  
You had to do it.  
So quit griping  
about your tender heart.

LADY  
Well I'd just love to hear  
some more of these fascinating  
stories.

DOCTOR  
I could tell 'em.

LADY  
And since we're stopping over,  
perhaps you could escort me  
to a respectable establishment?

DOCTOR  
Certainly, miss.

*With a raised eyebrow to the HUSBAND,  
DOCTOR offers the LADY his arm and  
they head out. The saloon has started to clear.*

CHARLEY  
He robbed me before.  
I began goin' heeled,  
two in a holster and  
one beside me on the bench at all times.  
Swore it wouldn't happen again.

BARMAID  
And it won't.

*CHARLEY drinks. HUSBAND sidles up beside him.*

CHARLEY  
Never again will good folks be robbed in my coach!

HUSBAND  
Someone's paintin' his tonsils this evening.

BARMAID  
It was a rough day.

HUSBAND  
Seems so.

BARMAID  
Put him to bed, make yourself useful.

HUSBAND  
Gee up, Charley. You can have a table.

*BARMAID picks up a tray of used glasses and exits into the kitchen. HUSBAND hoists the drunken CHARLEY up, and begins to unbutton his coat for him. Charley swats at him ineffectively.*

CHARLEY  
I'll thank you to let me unbutton my hic own trousers!

HUSBAND  
You're just a drunkard with a whip.

CHARLEY  
Nope, nope nope!

*The HUSBAND has gotten off a couple layers of coats and shirts, when he stops. Beneath Charley's undershirt is visible the clear shape of a corset, binding his chest flat. The Husband only registers that Charley's wearing a female garment. Charley looks down in a moment of dizzy awareness, then shrinks into himself, masking the shape of his chest.*

CHARLEY  
No—

HUSBAND  
You some sort of a deviant Molly?  
Why in tarnation is a grown man wearing a corset?

*Charley's suddenly quite sober. He punches the HUSBAND in the stomach, and the HUSBAND doubles over. When he starts to scramble up, there's Charley's pistol against his chest.*

HUSBAND  
What the devil—

CHARLEY  
You say nothing of this to anybody. Not a damn word.

HUSBAND  
Yes “ma’am.”

*HUSBAND chuckles. CHARLEY hits the HUSBAND hard again.*

CHARLEY  
That's "Sir" to you.

HUSBAND  
I only—

CHARLEY  
I do the talking.

HUSBAND  
You certainly got the right, "sir," bein' the one as is holdin' that pistol.

*But the HUSBAND feints and then catches CHARLEY in a rough hold. The pistol clatters to the ground. Unseen by the men, BARMAID slips in from the kitchen, in the shadows. She carries her husband's pistol in shaking hands.*

HUSBAND  
The right to get turned over to the authorities for pervertin' all what's natural!

CHARLEY  
Let me go.

HUSBAND  
Dressed like a little piece of calico. You gonna cry?

CHARLEY  
I killed one man today, fixing to make it two.

HUSBAND  
Blustery talk for a sodomite.

*BARMAID cocks the pistol, steps out, and points it at her HUSBAND.*

BARMAID  
Let him go.

HUSBAND  
Him who? Woman, don't you point that gun at me.

BARMAID  
Charley.

*HUSBAND flips CHARLEY around so BARMAID can see Charley's chest.*

HUSBAND  
This invert in lady's garb?

BARMAID  
Sure got a hankering to pull this trigger.

*HUSBAND begins to laugh.*

HUSBAND  
A real man, right? Go out and get a job like Charley the Whip, a real man! A real man!

*CHARLEY stomps HUSBAND's foot and breaks his hold. In the ensuing fight, HUSBAND knocks into the BARMAID's stomach violently, and she screams. HUSBAND stoops and picks up the dropped pistol, but CHARLEY whips out another and shoots HUSBAND in the leg. He falls, but crawls toward the BARMAID, still holding Charley's first pistol.*

HUSBAND  
I am goin' to kill you for this.

BARMAID  
No, I believe I'm gonna kill you.

*She shoots at his chest as he fumbles with the pistol. HUSBAND slumps to the floor, dead. A breathless moment, and then BARMAID doubles over with a gasp, and a dark stain spreading over her skirts.*

CHARLEY  
Devil. He getcha?

BARMAID  
The baby—  
I thought it was just a little blood  
these past few days  
but this—

CHARLEY  
You're losing a child.

BARMAID  
You gonna run?

*And he might, for a moment. But he chooses to stay.*

CHARLEY  
I—  
I've done what you're doing  
alone.  
Nobody ought to do this alone.

BARMAID  
What?

*A contraction. This can take some time—lean into the music for space between contractions. They should last for about 10 seconds, starting infrequent and building up to happening (loosely) every 30 seconds. No screaming or melodrama, just breath and pain. CHARLEY eases her into a chair.*

BARMAID  
*(re his now-obvious corset, which he's trying to hide with crossed arms)*  
At least say something.

CHARLEY  
Breathe, like so.

*CHARLEY breathes. The BARMAID breathes. A contraction.*

BARMAID  
Ain't enough.

CHARLEY  
And think  
think about something sweet, something—

BARMAID  
I'll bite the ground by morning, for sure.  
It was how my mother went, too—

*A contraction.*

CHARLEY  
I survived it.

BARMAID  
You?

CHARLEY  
When my baby died.  
I've got through worse.

BARMAID  
*(through another contraction)*  
Keep talking, damn you.

CHARLEY  
Got through  
plenty of things that almost killed me.  
Through the love that sowed the seeds, true love.  
Through the betrayal of my body,  
how it grew round and soft  
Womanly, womanly—  
*(in response to another contraction, and also his memory)*  
Breathe—breathe—  
Lived through the loss of the lover who saw me golden despite  
how I saw my own reflection.  
And the shortness of breath when I corseted my chest,  
Sure, I got through all that and more, see—  
The quiet blood, the life inside, the ending—  
That  
taught me I was strong.  
Got through the terror when mama left  
still haunts my dreams and wakes me up sweating  
*(in response to another contraction, and also his memory)*  
Breathe—breathe—

Through kneeling on grits for asking the matron a question  
And escape in the night, beautiful freedom  
And the years of secrets, the horses, their speed  
Sure, I got through all that and more, see—  
The quiet blood, the life inside, the ending—

BARMAID  
The life inside  
the ending—  
*(another contraction)*

CHARLEY  
Just showed me I was strong.  
And strong got me here today.

BARMAID  
That's something sweet.  
What was her—  
his? name—your  
lover?

*Another contraction, the last. She gasps.*

CHARLEY  
Ebenezer.  
I'll fetch back that doctor—

BARMAID  
No!  
I never wanted his child.  
Damn me for not grieving,  
it ain't natural.  
Best leave me to bleed  
If I'm looking at jail or worse over that body.

CHARLEY  
Oh, your man.  
I'm sure it wasn't you.  
It was the outlaw, the rowdy who ran  
when I woke to find him murdering your man  
moments ago.

BARMAID  
But—

CHARLEY  
Your man who died in my arms,  
which set you in labor, so I couldn't give chase.

BARMAID  
Far fetched.

CHARLEY  
He's not liked.  
And I'm a mite famous, what with this Sugarfoot business.

BARMAID  
I could keep the eatery—

CHARLEY  
Here you with a dead man and a lost babe,  
grinning like a baked possum.

BARMAID  
I could be anything.

CHARLEY  
Plenty of girls run eateries all on their own.

BARMAID  
Honest work.  
And there's a lady in the paper who boasts that she made  
eighteen thousand dollars just by baking pies.

CHARLEY  
Your pies are the best.

BARMAID  
It's a good country for women out west.

CHARLEY  
A good country for women.

BARMAID  
It's a good country for women.

CHARLEY  
You can be anything.



BARMAID  
Anything—  
You got a box full'o gold and glory  
instead of a child.  
Maybe I'll learn to drive.

CHARLEY  
Ha. I'm no better off now than when I commenced.

BARMAID  
Now that's a lie.

CHARLEY  
Pay's small, work's heavy.

BARMAID  
Every kind of work is heavy.

CHARLEY  
Gettin' old, rheumatism in the bones.  
Nobody to look out for old used-up stage drivers.  
Kick the bucket one of these days, and that's the last of old Charley.

*CHARLEY picks up his pistol. He considers it, cleans it well, and hands it to the  
BARMAID. She picks up the pistol she used to shoot her husband and puts it in  
his holster.*

CHARLEY  
An independent businesslady  
oughta have her own barking iron.  
But perhaps not the one that killed your man.

BARMAID  
And you?

CHARLEY  
I suppose you'll be telling this around.  
Since it perverts what's proper.

BARMAID  
Are you a—  
woman then?

CHARLEY  
*(sharply)*  
No.

Maybe when my mama named me but.  
No.  
You wouldn't understand.

BARMAID  
I never got much help from what's proper.  
There were people here  
before this place got "discovered," you know.  
They tell me stories, just like you. Don't think they'd say you're not proper.  
[I listened well, my father taught me all our ways of walking]  
Way I see it, we're on their [you're on our] land,  
Their tribes [our tribes] have a name and a place for folks like you,  
so why shouldn't I? [two spirits, one man.]  
Seems to me it's simple.  
You are who you are.  
If you want to keep it a secret, your secret's safe with me.

CHARLEY  
Much obliged.

*He fetches his coat, discarded earlier, and finds it's a bloody, torn mess. She waves him toward the kitchen.*

BARMAID  
Through the kitchen,  
Take a look at his things.  
take what you like.

CHARLEY  
Much obliged.

*CHARLEY exits. BARMAID picks herself up, ties a fresh apron on. She gets a rag or a mop, and cleans up any blood that's left on the floor. She straightens the room, erasing the evidence of violence except for the body that lies dead. She goes behind the bar, throws a clean towel over her shoulder, and smiles. We're now nineteen years later, December 1879. She pours a drink and slides it to where CHARLEY stood at the beginning. No one is there.*

BARMAID  
Keep thinking I'll look over and see you leaning there again.  
They keep on calling you a woman in the papers.  
It's a damn lie.

*CHARLEY appears, leans on the bar, takes his drink. BARMAID sees him, smiles, pours another drink for herself.*

CHARLEY

Ever wonder what your life would be  
a hundred years from now, two hundred?

BARMAID

All the time. Reckon it would be marvelous.

CHARLEY

A name and a place for folks like me, you said.

BARMAID

In a hundred years?

CHARLEY

Two hundred?

BARMAID

You saw a place for me,  
a place all my own.

CHARLEY

You called me what I am.

BOTH

Like it was simple.

BARMAID

Chewed my nails to bloody bits for months—

CHARLEY

Chawed more tobacker than ordinary for weeks—

BOTH

But you never told a soul.

Like it was simple.

But you never told a soul.

Like it was simple.

Simple.

Simple.

BARMAID

Simple.

You are who you are.

CHARLEY

Hundred years, way things are going,  
it'll be a good country for folks like us,  
that's what I reckon. And until then—

BOTH

If you want to keep it a secret, your secret's safe with me.

*She raises her glass to him, and he disappears with the glass she poured out for him.*

## **Appendix 2: Good Country, Full Score**

# **Good Country**

A Chamber Opera for Ensemble and Saloon

Full Score

Music by Keith Allegretti

Libretto by Cecelia Raker

## Cast and Instrumentation

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

BARMAID - Light or full lyric soprano. An entrepreneur, formerly a sex worker, 30s. A woman of color.

CHARLEY - Contralto, tenor, or baritone. A dignified man in his 50s, assigned female at birth. Cast flexibly based on gender identity of the singer—ideally a trans man; at least a singer who identifies as nonbinary or genderqueer. Ossia options are given for casting flexibility, but the performer is encouraged stick with one of the three voice types throughout. If the performer chooses to sing an alternate voice type for an particular passage, consideration should be given to the emotional impact of the words in the different tessitura, and such decisions would ideally be made in consultation with the director.

HUSBAND - Dramatic baritone. A former miner, a hard man, 30s.

DOCTOR - Tenor subtype flexible. A medical doctor, blustery, 25-70.

LADY - Soprano, subtype flexible. A proper young lady, 16-35.

### INSTRUMENTATION

Violin 1  
Violin 2  
Viola  
Cello

Duration: ca. 45 minutes

A Chamber Opera for Ensemble and Saloon

Cecelia Raker

Keith Allegretti

71

2

9

B.

C.

C. Char - - ley. Pa-pers keep yam-mer-ing how folks knew\_\_

T.B.

T.B. Char - - ley. Pa-pers keep yam-mer-ing how folks knew\_\_

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*fff sub.*

*fff*



13

B.

C.

C. all a - long. I ne-ver told a soul out West ex-cept for you that

T.B.

T.B. all a - long. I ne-ver told a soul out West ex-cept for you that

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*fff*

*pp* *mp espr.* *pp*

*fff*



18

B.

C.

C.

T.B.

night in eigh - teen six - ty - one Chawed more to - back - er than or - di na - ry for

night in eigh - teen six - ty - one Chawed more to - back - er than or - di na - ry for

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*pizz.*

*arco*

*fff*

*fff*

*p*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*



22

B.

C.

C.

T.B.

months af - ter\_\_ But you ne - ver did\_\_ speak up.

months af - ter\_\_ But you ne - ver did\_\_ speak up.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*mp*

*p*

*fff sub.*

*fff*

*p*

*fff*

*p*

*p*

A

27 *f*

B. Keep think-ing I'll look o-ver\_ and see him lean-ing there a - gain.

C.

C.

T.B.

Vln. 1 *ff*

Vln. 2 *ff*

Vla.

Vc.



32

B.

C. E - ver won - dere\_ what your life would be a hun-dred year\_ from now, two hun - dred?

C. E - ver won - dere\_ what your life would be a hun-dred year\_ from now, two hun - dred?

T.B. E - ver won - dere\_ what your life would be a hun-dred year\_ from now, two hun - dred?

ossia: play small noteheads only if Charley is a contralto

Vln. 1 *p*

Vln. 2 *p* *mp*

Vla. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

36 5

B. *Damn pa pers yam-mer-ing*

C. *Won-der what mine would be, then.*

T.B. *Won-der what mine would be, then.*

Vln. 1 *p* *fff*

Vln. 2 *p* *fff*

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *pp*



41

rit. *Meno mosso* ♩ = 72

B. *You are who you are. I know the*

C. *Ne-ver told a soul ex - cept for you that night in eight-teen six - ty one.*

T.B.

Vln. 1 *p*

Vln. 2 *p*

Vla.

Vc.

6

47

**B**

B. *truth*

C.

Vln. 1 *pp* *p* solo, plaintive

Vln. 2 *pp* *p* solo, plaintive

Vla. *pp* *pp*

Vc. *pp* *pp*



51

B.

C.

Vln. 1 *mp* *p*

Vln. 2 *mp* *p*

Vla. *mp* *p*

Vc. *mp* *p*

55 **C** Duet, Vivace ♩ = 138 7

B.

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*p* *sim.* *ff*



61

B. I know the truth. The

H. What did you say to me? How are you so cer - tain? I sus -

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*pizz.* *ff* *pizz.* *ff* *pizz.* *ff* *arco* *pp* *poco*

67

B. child is\_\_\_\_ yours

H. pect Ain't a rea-son to tell me how I use my mo-ney.

Vln. 1 arco *f* *p* *poco f*

Vln. 2 arco *f* *p*

Vla. *fp* *pizz.*

Vc. arco *f* *sf* *f*



72 **D** Slightly slower  $\text{♩} = 120$

B. *mp* With a ba-by com-ing We ough-ta be pru-dent\_\_\_\_ is all.

H.

Vln. 1 *p* *ff secco*

Vln. 2 *p* *ff secco*

Vla. *p* *ff secco*

Vc. arco *p* *ff secco*

77 **E** Arioso, slower still, mockingly  $\text{♩} = 100$  9

B.

H. *f giocoso*  

 If dol-lars and cents are that thight, you're play-ing the paint - ed cat al - rea-dy I

Vln. 1 *p scherzando*

Vln. 2 *p*

Vla. *pizz.*

Vc. *pizz.*



82

B.

H. 
 see how you're look-ing at o-ther men, you should charge like the old days be fore I saved you. Sec-ing as how you

Vln. 1 *p*

Vln. 2 *p*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f*

87

B. *mf* You ne - ver saved me I re - mem - ber you lost and *espr.*

H. have-n't changed your ways.

Vln. 1 scratch tone *f*

Vln. 2 *p* sul tasto 3

Vla. *p* sul tasto

Vc. pizz. *ff* *p sub.*



91

B. 3 scared un-der the blus-ter of your mi - ner's wear, I dug for gold same as you, all told. *f*

H. Faith - ful on - ly as

Vln. 1 *p* sul tasto 3 ord. *mf*

Vln. 2 ord. *mf*

Vla. ord. *mf*

Vc. arco *mf*



96 **[F]** Opening up, with expression  $\text{♩} = 72$  11

B. *dolce*  
Gold in your heart and I know that it's still

H. *ff*  
long as I was rich.

Vln. 1 *f* *fp* *mp shimmering*

Vln. 2 *f* *fp* *mp shimmering*

Vla. *f* *fp* *mp espr.*

Vc. *f* *fp* *mp espr.*



101

B. there I thought, "Here's a real man, an e - qual part - ner."

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

12

105

**G** Recit  $\text{♩} = 92$

*f* irritated

B. E-ver since your mud did n't pan out and you got to skul-king a-round here

H. E-qual? Me? To a sport-ing wo-man?

Vln. 1 *loco* *ff* molto pesante pizz. *ff*

Vln. 2 *ff* molto pesante pizz. *ff*

Vla. *ff* molto pesante *ffp*

Vc. *ff* molto pesante pizz. *ff*



110

B. you are ca - ta-womp-tious-ly un-friend-ly I would not mind it a mite if you were to get your-self a real job a - gain.

H. *f* I have a

Vln. 1 *ff* *ff* arco *f* bellowing

Vln. 2 *ff* *ff* arco *f* bellowing

Vla. *ffp* *ffp*

Vc. *ff* *ff* arco *f* bellowing

115 13

B. *f* I was feed - ing peo - ple here be - fore you quit

H. job! and a real man don't al-low his wo-man to ma - nage his en-ter-prise.

Vln. 1 *f*

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc. *p* *sf* *p* *f*



121 [H] Boiling over ♩ = 120 accel. rit. to ♩ = c. 80

B. dig-ging. And I earned more than your dirt e-ver did.

H.

Vln. 1 *f pesante* *p* *ff*

Vln. 2 *f pesante* *ff* *p* *p*

Vla. *f pesante* *ff* *p* *p*

Vc. *f pesante* *p* *ff* *p*

14

127  $\text{♩} = 120$  *rit.*

B. *p*  
Take what you want from the box. You look

H.

Vln. 1 *p*

Vln. 2 *pp*

Vla. *p* *sim.*

Vc. *pp*



133 **I** *Arioso, aggressive, taunting*  $\text{♩} = 60$

B. tired.

H. *f*  
And your face looks like a dime's worth of buz-zard meat. I can't for my eys re-mem-ber how you

Vln. 1 *ppp* *ff feroce*

Vln. 2 *ppp* *ff feroce*

Vla. *ppp* *ff feroce*

Vc. *ppp* *ff feroce*

139 **Piu mosso** ♩. = 80 15

B.

H. 
  
horns - wog - gled me in - to mar - riage, but I can sure raise my belt If you don't quit tel - ling me

Vln. 1 
  
*p sub.* *ff*

Vln. 2 
  
*p* *ff*

Vla. 
  
*p sub.* *ff*

Vc. 
  
*p* *ff* *f* molto sul pont.



144 **Lively** ♩ = 120

B.

H. 
  
how to run this busi - ness!

Vln. 1 
  
*p* arco

Vln. 2 
  
*p* *f* arco

Vla. 
  
pizz. arco

Vc. 
  
*ff* *fff* *p* ord.

16 149

B.

H.

L.

D.

Hur-ry it up, girl! As a doc-tor of med-i-cine

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



153

B.

H.

L.

D.

I per - scribe a gen-er - al treat-ment of stiff drinks\_\_\_\_\_ for ev - ery

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*gliss.*

156 17

B. *f* You got it Doc. What's the oc-ca-sion?

H.

L. *f* Sur-vi-val! Oh, he

D. rat-tled bo-dy in our coach.

Vln. 1 *f* *pizz.* *p* *f* *p* *7*

Vln. 2 *f* *p* *f* *p* *5*

Vla. *f* *pizz.* *p* *f* *f*

Vc. *f* *p* *p* *f*



161 *rit.* K *a tempo*

B. Who now?

H.

L. saved us all! A he-ro.

D. *f* Great-est stage-coach dri-ver in all of

Vln. 1 *pizz.* *p* *f* *fp* *ff* *p*

Vln. 2 *pizz.* *p* *f* *fp* *ff* *p*

Vla. *p* *f* *fp* *ff* *p*

Vc. *p* *f* *fp* *ff* *p*

18

166

B.

H.

L.

D.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



170 **[L] Solemnly**  $\text{♩} = 72$

B.

H.

L.

D.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



175 Twice as fast  $\text{♩} = 144$  19

B.  $\text{♩} = 144$

C.  $\text{♩} = 144$

H.  $\text{♩} = 144$   
 One Eyed with Wells Far-go? That's the kind of real man you want? Horse kicked his eye, but at least he's some - bo-dy's em-plo- yee!

L.  $\text{♩} = 144$

D.  $\text{♩} = 144$

Vln. 1  $\text{♩} = 144$   
 pizz.  $p$  arco  $f$

Vln. 2  $\text{♩} = 144$   
 pizz.  $p$  arco  $f$

Vla.  $\text{♩} = 144$   
 pizz.  $p$

Vc.  $\text{♩} = 144$   
 pizz.  $p$

181 rit.  $\text{♩} = 92$

B.  $\text{♩} = 92$   
 Well if it ain't our Char- ley, best whip in the West.

C.  $\text{♩} = 92$   
 Some-one's got his dan- der up.

C.T.B.  $\text{♩} = 92$

H.  $\text{♩} = 92$

L.  $\text{♩} = 92$

D.  $\text{♩} = 92$

Vln. 1  $\text{♩} = 92$   
 $p$   $p$

Vln. 2  $\text{♩} = 92$   
 $p$   $p$

Vla.  $\text{♩} = 92$   
 arco  $mp$  arco  $p$

Vc.  $\text{♩} = 92$   
 $p$

20 **[M] Exuberant**  $\text{♩} = 120$  **Recit**  $\text{♩} = 72$

188

B.  $\text{♩} = 120$   $\text{♩} = 72$   
*p* Hoo-ray?  
*mf* Just an - o-ther dead ban-dit to-day.  
*mf* Don't

C.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*mf* Hoo - ray!  
*f* To Mas-ter Park-hurst, hip hip hoo-ray!..

H.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* Hoo - ray!

L.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* Hoo - ray!

D.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* Hoo - ray!

Vln. 1  $\text{♩} = 120$   $\text{♩} = 72$   
*f* *pizz.* *arco*  
*f* *pizz.* *arco*  
*f* *pizz.* *arco*  
*f* *pizz.* *arco*

194  $\text{♩} = 120$

B.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
 Whisper loudly  
 No!

C.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* Damn right!  
*f* Tell that to all the

C.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* Damn right!  
*f* Tell that to all the

T.B.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* Damn right!  
*f* Tell that to all the

H.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* see the fuss.  
*f* Ha! Su-gar-foot's no-thing.

L.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* I just want-ed an ad - ven - ture.

D.  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f* Su-gar foot him-self.

Vln. 1  $\text{♩} = 120$   
*f sub.* *arco* *p* *f* *pizz.*  
*f sub.* *p* *f* *pizz.*  
*f sub.* *p* *f* *pizz.*  
*f sub.* *p* *f* *pizz.*

201

B. *mf* I want the whole tale straight.

portamento *p*

C. *f* dri-vers and coach-es he's robbed blind! \_\_\_\_\_

H.

L.

D.

Vln. 1 *f* *p* arco

Vln. 2 *f* *p* arco

Vla. *f* *p* arco pizz. *f*

Vc. *f*



208 [N]

B.

C. *f*

H.

L. *f* The hor - ror! No bet-ter way from San Jo - se to San-ta Cruz, they said.

D.

Vln. 1 *p* playful *p*

Vln. 2 *p* playful *p* arco

Vla. *p* pizz. *p*

Vc. *p* arco



223 rit. . . . . 23

B.

C.

C.

T.B.

L.

D.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

231 [O] a tempo

B.

C.

C.

T.B.

L.

D.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

24 237

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

L.  
Stomp Stomp wav - ing his pur - sua - der so close you can see the

D.

Vln. 1  
arco  
f

Vln. 2  
arco  
f

Vla.  
arco  
f

Vc.  
arco  
f

p

242

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

L.  
pearl in - laid. Stomp Stomp and he hol - lers I'll hear it in my dreams for ev - er!

D.  
Throw down the gold box! Throw down the gold box!

Vln. 1  
f

Vln. 2  
f

Vla.  
f

Vc.  
f

247 25

B.

C.

C.T.B.

H.

L.   
Should have list - ened, should have ne - ver, Ma - ma told me to read a no - vel, but I in - sis-ted on tra - vel.

D.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



250

B.

C.

C.T.B.

H.

L.   
Should have list - ened should have ne - ver Ma - ma told me to read a no - vel, but I in - sis-ted on tra - vel.

D.   
Throw down the gold box Throw down the gold box Throw down Throw down

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

253

B. *f* Throw down the gold box

C. *f* Throw down the gold box

T.B. *f* Throw down the gold box

H. *f* Throw down the gold box

L. What pos - sessed me to come out here?! *f* Throw down the gold box

D. *f* Throw down the gold box *f* Throw down the gold box

Vln. 1 *p* *f* *ff*

Vln. 2 *p* *f* *ff*

Vla. *f* *ff*

Vc. *f* *ff*



257 27

B. Throw down the gold box

C. Throw down the gold box

C. Throw down the gold box

T.B. Throw down the gold box

H. Throw down the gold box

L. Throw down the gold box Ban-dits growl-ing heart is pound-ing I'm faint - ing I'm faint - ing *meno f*

D. Throw down the gold box

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

261 **P**

B.

C.

C.T.B.

H.

L. When crack goes Mas-ter Park-hurst's whip Off we gall-op to out run the ruck-us *f*

D.

Vln. 1 *pizz.* *ff* *arco* *f*

Vln. 2 *pizz.* *ff* *arco* *f*

Vla. *mf* *p* *ff* *f*

Vc. *mf* *p* *ff* *f*

tap wood of instrument

ord.



274 29

B.

C.

C.T.B.

H.

L.   
driv-er de-spite the speed six shoot-er blaz-ing till they were dead in the dirt.

D.   
He saved our lives and the gold box.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



278 G. P., in time

B.   
Su - gar foot him

C.

C.T.B.

H.

L.   
Shot down those ban-dits like bot-tles on a fence. Not that I've ev-er seen bot-tles shot off a fence. Not I.

D.

Vln. 1   
ff < fff

Vln. 2   
ff < fff

Vla.   
f p f < ff

Vc.   
f p f < ff

30

285

**Q** Slightly slower, liesurely  $\text{♩} = 108$   
rit. . . . . a tempo

B. self!

C. *C.T.B.*

H. *mf*  
Sounds as if y'all just cut dirt to run a-way

L.

D. *f*  
No band-it could sur-vive

Vln. 1 *pizz.* *f* *arco* *p* a tempo

Vln. 2 *pizz.* *f* *arco* *mf* *p* *f*

Vla. *pizz.* *f* *arco* *p* *f*

Vc. *f* *pizz.* *mf* *p* *f*



291

B. *f* 3  
Hob-ble your lip.

C. *C.T.B.*

H. *f* 3  
So you es-caped a row - dy. Aint that just part of the job?

L.

D. 3  
Park -hurst's pro-fess-ion-al aim.

Vln. 1 *pizz.* *p* *f*

Vln. 2 *pizz.* *p* *f*

Vla. *pizz.* *p* *f*

Vc. *p* *f*

296 **[R] Slower still**  $\text{♩} = 80$  31

B. *mf dolce* What'll it be?

C. *f* I'll glad-ly take that drink the good doc-tor off-ered

C.T.B. *f*

H. De - vil take your horse - shit and

L.

D.

Vln. 1 *arco ff* *arco* *p sub.* *dolce*

Vln. 2 *ff* *sul C* *arco* *p dolce*

Vla. *ff aggressive* *p dolce*

Vc. *sul C* *ff aggressive* *p sub.* *dolce*

302

B. *meno f*

C. Set me up your\_ best\_ cof - - fin\_ var - nish, if you please, ma'am.

C. *meno f*

T.B. Set me up your\_ best\_ cof - - fin\_ var - nish, if you please, ma'am.

H.

L.

D.

Vln. 1 *p molto espr.* *poco* *pp* *loco*

Vln. 2 *p* *pp*

Vla. *p* *pp*

Vc. *p* *pp*

32 [S] Arioso, serene  $\text{♩} = 72$

307 *p*

B. A po-lite cus-to-mer. Been a while since I've been called aught but a la-dy of the

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

L.

D.

Vln. 1 *pp* sul tasto

Vln. 2 *p* sul tasto *pp*

Vla. *p* sul tasto

Vc. *p* sul tasto pizz.



312

B. line. But the whole damn thing was my i - dea. It was me with the thought to mine the

C.  
C.T.B.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

316 33

B. min-ers, feed these new-ly rich men a de-cent meal For which you know they're grate-ful

C. C,T,B

Vln. 1 *p* *pp*

Vln. 2 *p* *pp*

Vla. *p* *pp*

Vc. arco sul tasto pizz. arco sul tasto *p*



321

B. And grate-ful in Cal-i-for-nia means gold.

C. C,T,B

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla. ord.

Vc. pizz. col legno pizz. col legno pizz. col legno

34

324 *accel.*

B. *3*  
Here it was me with the thoughts and the plans and him with that mouth and the

C.  
C.T.B.

Vln. 1 *accel.*

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc. pizz. col legno pizz. col legno pizz. col legno



327 *(♩ = 108)* *♩ = 72* **[T]** *Lively* *♩ = 120*

B. back of his hand.

C. *P* *3*  
Ain't it sposed to be me who tells you my life sto-ry?

C.T.B. *P* *3*  
Ain't it sposed to be me who tells you my life sto-ry?

D. *f*  
You

Vln. 1 *(♩ = 108)* *♩ = 72*  
*f* *pp* *ord.* *p* *arco* *f* *pizz.* *p*

Vln. 2 *f* *pp* *ord.* *p* *arco* *f* *pizz.* *p*

Vla. *f* *pp* *pizz.* *arco ord.* *f* *pizz.* *p*

Vc. *pizz.* *pp* *arco ord.* *p* *arco ord.* *f* *pizz.* *p*



333 35

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

L.

D.

have in your sa - loon, sir the great-est West - ern he - ro since Kit Car - son him- self.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

dark *p*

1

339

Half Tempo, Lush ♩ = 60 A tempo ♩ = 120

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

L.

D.

killed a man to - day.

I a - bout did the same.

*mf espr.*

A true gen - tle - man.

Half Tempo, Lush ♩ = 60 A tempo ♩ = 120

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*arco pp mf p dolce, radiant*

*arco pp mf p dolce, radiant*

*arco pp mf p dolce, radiant*

*pp mf p dolce, radiant*

36 344

B. *The mess he made of our ac - counts!*

C. *C.T.B.*

H. *Bunch of bal - der-dash! You're*

L.

D. *Bal - der-dash? Why I ought-ta*

Vln. 1 *f p f ff*

Vln. 2 *f p f ff*

Vla. *pp p f p f ff*

Vc. *pp p f p f ff*



351 *molto rit. . . . .*

B. *might - y en-am-ored of that whip de-fend-ing his re - pu - ta-tion Makes me won-der if we've got a Nan - cy man on our hands. f gliss.*

C. *C.T.B.*

H. *Sir!*

L. *gliss.*

D. *molto rit. . . . .*

Vln. 1 *p sf sf sf sf ff*

Vln. 2 *p sf sf sf sf ff*

Vla. *p sf sf sf sf ff*

Vc. *p sf sf sf sf ff*

*f molto pesante*

*f molto pesante*

*f molto pesante*

357 **U** Poco meno mosso  $\text{♩} = 100$  37

B.  $f$  Oh I should strike out on my own? Buy me a whip, be a bull - fight - er girl

C.  $mf$  3 Why do you stay?

H.

L.

D.  $f$  Now, now, now, now,

Vln. 1 *sul tasto*  $pp$

Vln. 2 *sul tasto*  $pp$

Vla. *pizz.*  $p$

Vc. *solo*  $fff$   $fff$   $fff$   $fff$

362

B. like the one in Vir - gin - ia Ci - ty?

C.  $mf$  3

H.

L.  $f$  That's right! And I'll thank you not to men - tion such un - sa-vor-y no-tions

D. Now you lis-ten here!

Vln. 1 *ord.*  $p$   $ff$  *pizz.*  $f$

Vln. 2 *ord.*  $p$   $ff$

Vla. *arco*  $p$   $ff$

Vc. *arco*  $p$   $ff$   $f$   $f$   $f$   $f$

38

367

rit.  $\text{♩} = 72$   $\text{♩} = 100$

B. *mf*

C. *mf* I killed a man to-day. Ain't gon-na ask af-ter

C. *mf* I killed a man to-day. Ain't gon-na ask af-ter

T.B. *f* Well par-don me.

H. *f* with a la - dy pre-sent.

L. *rit.*  $\text{♩} = 72$   $\text{♩} = 100$

D. *rit.*  $\text{♩} = 72$   $\text{♩} = 100$

Vln. 1 *p* pizz. *pp* arco *p*

Vln. 2 *p* *f* *pp* *p* *p*

Vla. *p* *f* *pizz.* *p* arco *p*

Vc. *p* *f* *p* *p*

374

*mf* *3* *3* *mf* Arioso,  $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$  throughout

B. Sounds like a thun-der-ing fro - lic.

C. my\_ ten - der heart - ed feel - ings? *C* *f* See appendix A for To -

C. my\_ ten - der heart - ed feel - ings? *B* *f* tenor ossia To -

T.B. my\_ ten - der heart - ed feel - ings? *f* To -

H.

L.

D.

Vln. 1 *pizz.* *col legno* *p*

Vln. 2 *p* *mf* *pp* arco *p*

Vla. *pizz.* *col legno* *p*

Vc. *pizz.* *col legno* *p*



40

399 *mf*

B. I would-'ve.

C. *f* That's pro - per you're not ac - cus - tomed to such things. An - o - ther, please.

Vln. 1 *pizz.* *col legno*

Vln. 2 *pizz.* *col legno*

Vla. *pizz.* *arco* *pp* *f sub.*

Vc. *pizz.* *arco* *pp* *f sub.* *ff* *pizz.* *sul tasto* *arco* *ghx.* *p* *pp*



403 **Poco meno mosso**  $\text{♩} = 88$  *f* *rit.* **Frenzied**  $\text{♩} = 138$  **W**

B. I like to think I could shoot a ban - dit if he were fix - ing to shoot me.

C. *C.T.B.*

H.

L.

D. *f* I sim - ply

Vln. 1 **Poco meno mosso**  $\text{♩} = 88$  *ricochet* *f* *p* *rit.* *f* *p* *ord.* *p* *vigorously* *p* *f*

Vln. 2 *ricochet* *f* *p* *rit.* *f* *p* *ord.* *p* *vigorously* *p* *f*

Vla. *col legno* *ricochet* *f* *p* *rit.* *f* *p* *ord.* *p* *vigorously* *p* *f*

Vc. *ord.* *p* *vigorously* *p* *f*

407

C.  
C,T,B

H.

L.

D.

think one must ac-know-ledge when there's a he-ro in his midst. Sure, it's part of the job to pro-tect the load but Park-hurst goes a -

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*f* *p* *f* *p*

412

C.  
C,T,B

H.

L.

D.

bove and be-yond. Is it part of the job to hang on to your reins like Old Scratch? (beg-gin' your par-don, ma'am.)

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*f* *f* *f*

42

416

C. *C.T.B.*

H.

L.

D.

E - ven when your hors - es bolt to steer them back to save lives, not to men - tion the box?

*f*

How

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*



420

C. *C.T.B.*

H.

L.

D.

ter - ri - fy - ing!

A trick? It earned him more re - spect than you're here gi - ving — I'd say.

*f* *p* *f* *ff*

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*ff* *p sub.* *f* *ff* *ff* *p sub.* *f* *ff*



425 rit. . . . . **X** Duet, meno mosso  $\text{♩} = 88$  43

B.  $\text{♩} = 88$

C.  $\text{♩} = 88$  *f* 3  
C.T.B. Plen-ty of girls run board-ing

H.  $\text{♩} = 88$

L.  $\text{♩} = 88$

D.  $\text{♩} = 88$

Vln. 1 *f* *ff* *p* 3

Vln. 2 *f* *ff* *p*

Vla. *f* *ff* *p*

Vc. *f* *ff* *p* 3



431 *f* 3 rit. to  $\text{♩} = 72$

B. And get-ting called bro-thels. Not what I want.

C. *f* 3 hous-es all on their own. Ho - nest work. There's a la - dy in the pa - per who

Vln. 1 3 *f* *p* *f* *p* *p*

Vln. 2 *f* *p* *f* *p*

Vla. *f* pizz. arco *f* *p* *p* 3 arco

Vc. *f* pizz. arco *f* *p* *p*

44

436

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

boasts that she made eight-een thou - sand dol - lars just by bak - - - ing

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



439

**Y** Recit, slightly faster ♩ = 80

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

pies. I can per - son - al - ly at - test to the qual - i - ty of the pies you bake. It's a

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*mp* *pp*

*mp* *pp*

*mp* *pp*

*arco* *mp* *pp*

442

rit.  $mf$  to  $\text{♩} = 72$

B. A good coun - try for wo - men out

C. *C.T.B.* good coun - try for wo - men out West. I'll say it.

Vln. 1  $pp$

Vln. 2  $pp$

Vla.  $pp$

Vc.  $pp$



446

$\boxed{Z}$   $\text{♩} = 100$

B. West. A good coun-try Good coun-try for wo-men out here A good coun-try out here if your skin's

C. *C.B.* See appendix B for tenor ossia

*C.T.B.* You could be a - ny-thing.

Vln. 1  $mf$  *espr.* pizz.  $f$  arco  $p$

Vln. 2  $f$  pizz. arco  $fp$

Vla.  $fp$  pizz. arco  $p$

Vc.  $f$  pizz. arco  $p$

46

453

B. *ff* *meno f* *3*

li - - ly white and you're will - ing to flirt. Ain't so dif - f'rent from

C. *8*

Vln. 1 *f* *pizz.* *p* *arco* *p*

Vln. 2 (measured trem.) *f* *pizz.* *p*

Vla. *f* *pizz.* *p* *V* *p*

Vc. (measured trem.) *f* *arco* *f* *p*



457

[A1] Arioso, Solemnly ♩ = 60

B. home: Know your place.

C. *8* *f* Once knew a girl back

Vln. 1 *p* *f* *p*

Vln. 2 *mf*

Vla. *f* *p*

Vc. *p* *f* *p*

461 47

B.

C. 
  
C.B.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



467 B1 With ease ♩ = 100

B. 
  
C. 
  
C.B.

H.

L. 
  
D.

Vln. 1 
  
Vln. 2

Vla. 
  
Vc.

48 472

B. *mf*  
You had to do it. So quit grip-ing a-bout your ten - der heart.

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

L. *mf*  
ci - nat - ing sto - ries. And since we're

D. *mf*  
I could tell 'em.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla. *pizz.* *arco*

Vc. *poco f* *mf* *pizz.* *arco*

477 *rit.*

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

L. *3*  
stop-ping o-ver per-haps you could es-court me to a re - spec-ta-ble es - tab-lish-ment.

D. *mf* *3*  
Cer-tain-ly, miss. *rit.*

Vln. 1

Vln. 2 *arco* *mf*

Vla.

Vc.

484 . . . . . **C1** Arioso, clumsy, molto rubato ♩ = 54 49

B.

C. *f* brazen *gliss.*  
*C.T.B.* He robbed me be-fore That's when I be-gan go-in' heeled.

H.

Vln. 1 *arco* *mp* *p* *fff* *gliss.* *p* *fff*  
*Vln. 2* *fff* *gliss.* *p* *fff*  
*Vla.* *fff* *gliss.* *p* *fff*  
*Vc.* *mp* *p* *fff* *gliss.* *p* *fff*



490

B.

C. *gliss.* *3* *gliss.* *gliss.*  
*C.T.B.* Two in a hol-ster and one be-side me on the bench at all times. Swore it would-n't hap-pen a-gain\_\_

H.

Vln. 1 *p* *fff* *gliss.* *p*  
*Vln. 2* *p* *fff* *gliss.* *p*  
*Vla.* *p* *fff* *gliss.* *p*  
*Vc.* *p* *fff* *gliss.* *p*

50 495 *p*

B. And it won't.

C. *f* Ne-ver a-gain, Ne-ver a-gain\_\_\_\_\_ will good folks be robbed in my coach.

H. *mf* Some-one's paint-ing his ton-sels this eve-ning.

Vln. 1 *gliss.* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p*

Vln. 2 *gliss.* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p*

Vla. *gliss.* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p*

Vc. *gliss.* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p* *pp* *p*



**D1** Recit, twice as fast  $\text{♩} = 108$

501 *mf* 3

B. It was a rough day. Put him to bed, make your-self use - ful.

C. *mf* Seems so. Gee up, Char-ley, you can have a ta - ble.

H. *mf*

Vln. 1 *mp* *p*

Vln. 2 *mp* *p*

Vla. *mp* *p*

Vc. *p* *pizz.* *p*



508 **Insidious** 51

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*arco*

*pp*

*sim.*

*8va*



512

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*mf*

*3* *3* *3*

I'll thank you to let me un - but - ton my

*ppp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

52

515

B.

C.  
C.  
T.B.  
H.

hic! own trou - sers. Nope, *p cresc.*  
hic! own trou - sers. Nope, *p cresc.*  
*mf*  
You're just a drunk-ard with a whip.

Vln. 1  
Vln. 2  
Vla.  
Vc.

*p* *p* *p* *p* *sim.* *pp*



521

[E] Indignant  $\text{♩} = 60$

B.

C.  
C.  
T.B.  
H.

nope, nope, No! *f*  
nope, nope, No! *f*  
*f*  
You some sort of de - vi-ant Mol- ly? Why in tar - na-tion is a grown man

Vln. 1  
Vln. 2  
Vla.  
Vc.

*ff* *ff* *ff* *ff* *p*

528 **F1** Vivace  $\text{♩} = 138$  53

B.

C.  
C, T, B

H. — wear-ing a cor-set?

Vln. 1 *fff*

Vln. 2 *fff*

Vla. *fff*

Vc. *f* *ffp* *f sub.*

535

B.

C.  
C, T, B

H. *f*

Vln. 1 *fff*

Vln. 2 *fff* *p* *fff* *p*

Vla. *fff* *p* *fff* *p*

Vc. *fff* *fff*

You say no-thing of this to no-bo-dy. Not a damn word. That's

You say no-thing of this to no-bo-dy. Not a damn word. That's

ossia: sing small notes only if Charley is a tenor

What the de-vil? Yes, ma'am.

54 542 rit. . . . .

B.

C.

C.

T.B.

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



[G1] Broadly, with fury ♩ = 100

549

B.

C.

C.

T.B.

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

554

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*fff*

*fff* feroce, bring out

*fff* feroce, bring out

*fff*



559

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*f* bellowing  
3  
The right to get turned

56

564

B.

C.  
C,T,B

H.

o - ver to the au - thor - i - ties\_\_\_ for per - vert - in' all what's na - tu - ral!\_\_\_ Dressed like a lit - tle

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*f*

Let me go!



569

B.

C.  
C,T,B

H.

piece of cal - i - co. You gon - na cry? I killed one man to - day, fix - ing to make it two.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*p*

*p*

*p*

*fff*

scratch tone

ord.

*p sub.*

573

B. *f* Let him go.

C. *f* 3 Blust-er - y talk for a so - do - mite Him who? Wo - man,

H. *f* 3 Blust-er - y talk for a so - do - mite Him who? Wo - man,

Vln. 1 *ff* *gliss.* *ff* *ff*

Vln. 2 *ff* *sul G* *gliss.* *ff* *ff*

Vla. *ff* *gliss.* *ff* *ff*

Vc. *ff* *ff* *ff*



577

rit. . . . . a tempo **II**

B. *ff* Char - ley.

C. *ff* Char - ley.

H. *f* don't you point that gun at me. This

Vln. 1 *rit.* . . . . a tempo *ff* *p*

Vln. 2 *ff* *p*

Vla. *ff*

Vc. *ff* *p*

58

581 *p* intense accel. . . . .

B. Sure got a hank - er - ing to pull this trig - ger.

C. C.T.B.

H. in - vert in a la - dy's garb?

Vln. 1 *mf* *fff*

Vln. 2 *mf* *fff*

Vla. *fff*

Vc. *mf* *fff* *p*



585 . . . . . to ♩ = 120

B.

C. C.T.B.

H. *f* A real man, right? Go and get a real job like Char-ley the whip, *3*

Vln. 1 *fff* *fff*

Vln. 2 *p* *fff* *p*

Vla. *p* *fff* *fff*

Vc. *fff* *fff*



590 J1 59

B.

C.

C.T.B.

H.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

595

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

598  $\text{♩} = 144$

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

60

603

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*p* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

*p* *ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

*p* *f sub.* *ff* *sim.*

*p* *f sub.* *ff* *sim.*



609

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*ff* *sim.* *fff* *molto pesante*

*ff* *sim.* *fff* *molto pesante*

*fff* *molto pesante*

*fff*



614

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*fff* *fff* *fff*

*fff*

619 **K1** Tense  $\text{♩} = 92$  61

B.  $f$   
No, I be-lieve I'm gon-na kill you.

C.  $f$   
I am go-ing to kill you for this.

H.

Vln. 1 *sul tasto*  
*fff*

Vln. 2 *p*

Vla. *fff*

Vc. *fff*



626 Repeat this measure indefinitely; cutt off abruptly with gunshot. **L1**  $\text{♩} = 72$

B. (gunshot)

C.  $f$

H.

Vln. 1 *sul pont.*  
*f*

Vln. 2 *sul pont.*  
*f* *p*

Vla. *sul pont.*  
*f* *p*

Vc. *sul pont.*  
*f* *p*

630

*p*

B. The ba - by I thought it was just a lit - tle blood these past few days but

*f*

C. De - vil. He get - cha?

*f*

T.B. De - vil. He get - cha?

Vln. 1 *pp* *mp* *pp*

Vln. 2 ord. *pp* *mp* *pp* *p*

Vla.

Vc.



634

**[M1]** *Meno mosso*  $\text{♩} = 60$   $\text{♩} = 72$

B. this You gon-na run?

*mf* *f* hesitantly, plodding

C. You're los - ing a child. I I've done what you're do-ing\_\_ a -

*mf* *f* hesitantly, plodding

T.B. You're los - ing a child. I I've done what you're do-ing\_\_ a -

**[M1]** arco

Vln. 1 *p* *pizz.* *p* *pp* *p* *pesante* *f*

Vln. 2 *p* *p* *pesante* *f*

Vla. ord. *p* *pp* *pesante* *f*

Vc. ord. *pp* *pp* *p* *pesante* *f*

640 63

B. What?

C. lone. No-bo-dy ought to do this a-lone.

C. lone. No-bo-dy ought to do this a-lone.

T.B. lone. No-bo-dy ought to do this a-lone.

Vln. 1 *p* *p* *f* sul pont. *f* *p*

Vln. 2 *p* *p* *f* sul pont. *f* *p*

Vla. *p* *p* *f* sul pont. *f* *p*

Vc. *p* *p* *f* sul pont. *f* *p*

643

Vln. 1 *f* *p* *ff*

Vln. 2 *pp* *f* *pp*

Vla. *f* *p* *p*

Vc. *f* *p* *p*

646 **N1** *f*

B. At least say some-thing

C. Breathe *p*

C. Breathe *p*

T.B. Breathe

Vln. 1 *p* *p* *f* sul tasto *f*

Vln. 2 *pp* *p* *p* *poco*

Vla. *p* *pizz.*

Vc. *p* *f*

64

649

B.

C.

C.

T.B.

like so.

like so.

Vln. 1

*sul tasto gliss.*

*p*

*poco*

Vln. 2

*sim.*

Vla.

*sul tasto*

*p*

*poco*

*sim.*

Vc.

*arco sul tasto*

*pp*

*poco*



**01** Nervous, on edge ♩ = 88

653

B.

Ain't e nough! I'll

C.

And think, think a - bout some - thing sweet,

C.

And think, think a - bout some - thing sweet,

T.B.

And think, think a - bout some - thing sweet,

Vln. 1

*sul pont.*

*f*

*p*

*ord.*

Vln. 2

*sul pont.*

*f*

*p*

Vla.

*sul pont.*

*f*

*p*

*ord.*

Vc.

*sul pont.*

*f*

*p*

*ord.*

*p*

656 65

B. *bite the ground by mor - ning for sure. It's how my mo - ther went, too.*

C. *some - thing*

C. *some - thing*

T.B. *some - thing*

Vln. 1 *ff pesante*

Vln. 2 *ord. ff pesante*

Vla. *ff pesante*

Vc. *ff pesante*



659 **[PI]** = 72

B. *You?*

C. *f* *I sur-vived it.*

C.T.B. *f* *I sur-vived it.*

Vln. 1

Vln. 2 *pp*

Vla. *sul pont. f* *pp*

Vc. *sul pont. f* *pp*

66

661 **Q1** Aria, melancholy

B.

C. *meno f*  
C.T.B.   
When my ba - by died. I've got through worse.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

≡

664 *p*

B.   
Keep talk-ing, damn you.

C.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.



668 *p*

C. Got through plen - ty of things

T.B. Got through plen - ty of things

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

672 **RI**

C. that al - most killed me.

T.B. that al - most killed me.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla. *f* come sopra

Vc.

678 *p* *espr.*

C. Through the love\_ that sowed the seeds, true love. Through the be-trayal of my bo - dy\_ how it

T.B. *p* *espr.* Through the love\_ that sowed the seeds, true love. Through the be-trayal of my bo - dy\_ how it

Vln. 1 *non vib.*

Vln. 2 *non vib.*

Vla. *pp* *non vib.*

Vc. *pizz.* *p* *arco ord.* *pp* *non vib.*

68

685

C. grew round and soft Wo - man - ly Wo - man ly

T.B. grew round and soft Wo - man - ly Wo - man ly

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

689

C. Breathe Breathe

T.B. Breathe Breathe

Vln. 1 sul pont. ord. sul pont.

Vln. 2 *f* *pp non vib.* *f*

Vla. sul pont. ord. sul pont.

Vc. *f* *pp non vib.* *f*

*pp non vib.*

692

C.

C.

T.B.

Vln. 1 *mf*

Vln. 2 *pp non vib.*

Vla. *pp non vib.* *f* come sopra

Vc. *pp non vib.* pizz. *mf*

695 S1 *mp* warmly

C. Lived through the loss of the lo - ver who saw me

C. *mp* warmly Lived through the loss of the lo - ver who saw me

T.B. Lived through the loss of the lo - ver who saw me

Vln. 1 *mf*

Vln. 2 *mf*

Vla. *p*

Vc. *p* arco

699

C. gold - en de - spite how I saw my own re - flec - - -

C. gold - en de - spite how I saw my own re - flec - - -

T.B. gold - en de - spite how I saw my own re - flec - - -

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

702 *piu f*

C. tion And the short - ness of breath when I cor - set - ed my chest

C. *piu f* And the short - ness of breath when I cor - set - ed my chest

T.B. tion And the short - ness of breath when I cor - set - ed my chest

Vln. 1 solo *piu f* 5 5

Vln. 2 *mp*

Vla. bring out *f sub.* *p* bring out *f* *p* *mp*

Vc. *mp*



716 **U1** 71

C. strong. Got through the night when ma -

T.B. strong. Got through the night when ma -

harmonic glisses  
sul A (pitches approximate)

Vln. 1 *pp* *gliss.* *sim.* sul pont.

Vln. 2 *pp* sul pont.

Vla. *pp* sul pont.

Vc. sul pont. *pp*

720

C. - ma left, still haunts my dreams and wakes me up sweat - ing

T.B. - ma left, still haunts my dreams and wakes me up sweat - ing

80 sul E loco

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

726

C. Breathe Breathe

T.B. Breathe Breathe

Vln. 1 sul pont. *f* *pp* ord. sul pont. *f* *pp* ord.

Vln. 2 *f* *pp* ord. sul pont. *f* *pp* ord.

Vla. *f* *pp* ord. sul pont. *f* *pp* ord.

Vc. *f* *pp* ord. sul pont. *f* *pp* ord.

72 **[VI]**

730 *mf*

C. Through kneel-ing on the grits for ask - ing the ma - tron a ques - tion And es -

T.B. Through kneel-ing on the grits for ask - ing the ma - tron a ques - tion And es -

ord.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc. pizz. arco

734 *f*

C. cape in the night Beau - ti - ful free - dom

C. cape in the night Beau - ti - ful free - dom

T.B. cape in the night Beau - ti - ful free - dom

Vln. 1 *p* *f* *p sub.*

Vln. 2 *p* *f* *p sub.*

Vla.

Vc. *f* *p*

738 *f* *con forza*

C. And the years of se - crets The

C. And the years of se - crets The

T.B. And the years of se - crets The

Vln. 1 *f* *p sub.* *f*

Vln. 2 *f* *p sub.* *f*

Vla.

Vc. *f* *p* *f*

743 W1 73

*meno f*

X1 *Meno mosso* ♩ = 54

C. hors - es their speed Sure, I got through all that and more see

T.B. hors - es their speed Sure, I got through all that and more see

Vln. 1 pizz. arco *f* *p* bow freely *pp*

Vln. 2 *f* *f* *p* bow freely *pp*

Vla. pizz. pizz. arco *f* *p* *p*

Vc. *f* *f* *p* bow freely *pp*



748

B. *p* The life in - side the

C. *p* The qui - et blood, the life in side, the end - ing *p* The life in - side the end - ing

C. *p* The qui - et blood, the life in side, the end - ing *p* The life in - side the end - ing

T.B. *p* The qui - et blood, the life in side, the end - ing *p* The life in - side the end - ing

Vln. 1

Vln. 2 *p*

Vla. *pp*

Vc.

74

754 **Y1** ♩ = 72

B. end - ing

C. *p* Just showed me I was strong. And strong got me here to-day.

C. *p* Just showed me I was strong. And strong got me here to-day.

T.B. *p* Just showed me I was strong. And strong got me here to-day.

Vln. 1 *ppp* sul pont. *pizz.* *p*

Vln. 2 *ppp* *f* sul pont. *pizz.* *p*

Vla. *ppp* *f* sul pont. *pizz.* *p*

Vc. *ppp* *f* sul pont. *pizz.* *p*



758 *p*

B. That's some-thing sweet. What was her his? name your lov - er?

C. *p*

C.T.B. *p*

Vln. 1 *p* arco *pizz.* *p* arco *pp*

Vln. 2 *p* arco ord. *pizz.* *p* arco *pp*

Vla. *p* arco ord. *pizz.* *p* arco *pp*

Vc. *p* arco ord. *pizz.* *p* arco *pp*





775 rit.

B. here to bleed if I'm look-ing a jail or worse o-ver that dead bo - dy.

C. *p* Oh, your

C. *p* Oh, your

T.B. *p* Oh, your

Vln. 1 *f* *gliss.* *sf*

Vln. 2 *f* *gliss.* *sf* pizz. *p*

Vla. *gliss.* *sf* pizz. *p*

Vc. *sf* *p*



780 **B2** Arioso, walking tempo; slightly humorous ♩ = 108

B. man? I'm sure it was - n't you.

C. man? I'm sure it was - n't you.

C. man? I'm sure it was - n't you.

T.B. man? I'm sure it was - n't you.

Vln. 1 *p* scherzando *f*

Vln. 2 *p* *p* *p*

Vla. (pizz.) *p* *p* *p*

Vc. arco *p*

784

B.

C.  
C, F, B

It was the out - law. The row - dy who ran when I woke to find him mur -

Vln. 1

*p* *f* *pizz.*

Vln. 2

*f* *p* *f* *p* *f* *meno f*

Vla.

*f* *meno f* *pizz.*

Vc.

*f* *p*



788

B.

But

C.  
C, F, B

- dur - ing your man mo - ments a - go. Your man who died in my

Vln. 1

*f* *p* *scherzando*

Vln. 2

*f* *pizz.* *p*

Vla.

*f* *pizz.* *p*

Vc.

*f* *p*

**C2** Duet, poco meno mosso  
♩ = 88

792

*f*

B. Far fetched.

C. arms, which set you in - to la - bor, So I could - n't give chase! He's not liked.

C. arms, which set you in - to la - bor, So I could - n't give chase! He's not liked.

T.B. arms, which set you in - to la - bor, So I could - n't give chase! He's not liked.

Vln. 1 *f* scratch tone *ord.*

Vln. 2 *f* arco scratch tone *ord.*

Vla. *f* arco scratch tone *ord.*

Vc. *f* arco scratch tone *ord.*



797

*f espr.*

B. I could keep the eat - er - y

C. And I'm a mite fa - mous what with this Su - gar-foot bus - iness Here you with a dead man and a

C. And I'm a mite fa - mous what with this Su - gar-foot bus - iness Here you with a dead man and a

T.B. And I'm a mite fa - mous what with this Su - gar-foot bus - iness Here you with a dead man and a

Vln. 1 *f* *p*

Vln. 2 *f* *p*

Vla. *f* *mf*

Vc. *f* *mf*

801 *meno f* 79

B. I could be an - y-thing

C. *f*  
lost babe, grin-ning like a baked pos - sum. Plan - ty of girls run eat-er - ies\_\_

Vln. 1 *mf* *f* *p*

Vln. 2 *mf* *f* *p*

Vla. *f* *mp*

Vc. *f* *mp*



806 rit. **D2** to ♩ = 72

B. Ho - nest work. And there's a la - dy in the pa - per who boasts that she made eigh - teen

C. *f*  
all on their own.

Vln. 1 *mf* *p* *mf espr.* *p*

Vln. 2 *mf* *p* *p*

Vla. *mf* *p* *p*

Vc. *mf* *p* *pizz.* *mf*

80

811

B. thou - sand dol - lars just by ba - king pies.

C. C.T.B. Your pies are the

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc. arco

*mf* *p*

*mf* *p*

*mf* *p*

*mf* *p*

≡

816

B. It's a good count - ry for wo - men out west.

C. C.T.B. best. A good count - ry for wo - men.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

820

B. *rit.* . . . . .

It's a good count - ry for wo - men. It's a

C. *C.T.B.*

— You can be an - - y - thing.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

≡

824

**E2** *Recit* ♩ = 120

good count - ry for wo - men. *f* An - ything You got a box full 'o

C. *C.T.B.*

You can be an - - y - thing.

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc. *pizz.* *pp*

828

B. gold and glo - ry in - stead of a child. May - be I'll learn to drive.

C. C.T.B. Ha! I'm no bet-ter

Vln. 1 *p*

Vln. 2

Vla. *p*

Vc. arco *p*



833

**F2** Deliberate, poco pesante  $\text{♩} = 80$

B. Now that's a lie.

C. off now than when I com-menced. Pay's small Work's hea - vy

C. off now than when I com-menced. Pay's small Work's hea - vy

T.B. off now than when I com-menced. Pay's small Work's hea - vy

Vln. 1 *p*

Vln. 2 arco *p*

Vla. *p*

Vc. pizz. *p*



838 *ossia: sing small notes only if Charley is a tenor* **G2** *Arioso, plaintive*  $\text{♩} = 72$  **rit.** **a tempo** 83

B. Ev - ery kind of work is hea - vy

C. *See appendix C for tenor ossia* *f* Get - tin' old rheu -

Vln. 1 *p* *ffp*

Vln. 2 *p* *ffp*

Vla. *f* *ffp* *arco*

Vc. *ffp* *ffp*

844 *ma-ti-sm in the bones. No - bo-dy to look out\_\_\_ for old used up stage dri - vers. Kick the buck-et\_\_\_ one of these*

Vln. 1 *p* *sul pont.*

Vln. 2 *ffp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

Vla. *ffp*

Vc. *ffp*

849 **H2**

C. *days and that's the last\_\_\_ of old Char - ley.*

Vln. 1 *sul pont.* *pp* *mp* *pp* *ord.* *f* *pp*

Vln. 2 *pp* *mp* *pp* *ord.* *f* *pp* *p lontano*

Vla. *p* *f* *p lontano*

Vc. *p* *f* *pp*

84 855

Vln. 1 *p lontano* *f* *rit.* *p*

Vln. 2 *mp* *pp* *f* *p*

Vla. *pp* *p* *pp* *f* *p*

Vc. *p* *pp* *f* *p*

860  $\text{♩} = 60$

B. *p*

C. *p*

C.T.B. *p*

An in - de - pen - dent bus - iness - la - dy ought to have her own bark - ing i - ron But per -

Vln. 1 *pp*

Vln. 2 *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

863  $\text{♩} = 88$  **12**

B. *p* And you?

C. *f* haps not the one that killed your man. I sup-pose you'll be tell-ing this a-round since it per-verts what pro - per.

C. *f* haps not the one that killed your man. I sup-pose you'll be tell-ing this a-round since it per-verts what pro - per.

T.B. *f* haps not the one that killed your man. I sup-pose you'll be tell-ing this a-round since it per-verts what pro - per.

ossia: play small notes only if Charley is a tenor  
pizz. *f*

Vln. 1 *p dolce* *f*

Vln. 2 *p dolce* *fp*

Vla. *p dolce* *f*

Vc. *p dolce* *f*

ossia: play small notes only if Charley is a tenor  
pizz. *fp*

ossia: play small notes only if Charley is a tenor  
pizz. *f*

ossia: play small notes only if Charley is a tenor  
pizz. *f*

868  $\text{♩} = 72$  85

**Insistent**  $\text{♩} = 120$

B. *p* Are you a wo - man then?

C. *f* sharply  
C.T.B. No. May - be

Vln. 1 *arco p dolce*

Vln. 2 *arco p dolce* *ff*

Vla. *arco p dolce* *ff*

Vc. *arco p dolce* *ff*



871 **molto rit.**

B.

C. *3* when my ma-ma named me but. No. You would-n't un-der - stand.

Vln. 1 *ff* *3* *gliss.* *fff* *p* *f*

Vln. 2 *fff* *p* *3* *f*

Vla. *fff* *p* *f*

Vc. *fff* *p*

86

876 J2 Aria, calm and sincere  $\text{♩} = 80$

B.  $\text{mf}$   
I ne - ver got much\_

Vln. 1  $p$

Vln. 2  $p$

Vla.  $p$

Vc.

881

B. help from what's pro - per. There were peo - ple here be - fore this place got "dis

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

887

B. co - vered" you know. They tell me sto - ries just like you don't think they'd say you're not

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

892

B. pro - per. Way I see it, we're on their land

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

898 **K2**

B. Their tribes have a name and a place for folks like you So why should-n't I?

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

903 *espr.*

B. Seems to me It's sim - ple. You are who you are

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Vc.

88 rit. . . . .  $\text{♩} = 72$

910 *mp* **L2**

B. *If you want to keep a se - cret your se - cret's safe with me.*

Vln. 1 *pp* *mf espr.*

Vln. 2 *pp* *mf*

Vla. *pp* *mf*

Vc. *pp* *mf*

914

B. *Much o-bliged*

C. *p*

C.T.B. *p*

Vln. 1 *p* *mf*

Vln. 2 *f* *p*

Vla. *f* *p*

Vc. *f* *p*

919 *p*

B. *Through the kit-chen take a look at his things Take what you'd like.*

C. *p*

C.T.B. *p*

Vln. 1 *f* *p*

Vln. 2 *f* *p*

Vla. *f* *p*

Vc. *f* *p*

924 **M2** 89

Vln. 1 *f* 5 5 *ff* *ff*

Vln. 2 *f* 5 5 *ff* *f* *ff*

Vla. *f* *ff* 3 *ff*

Vc. *f* *ff* 3 3 *ff*

929 rit. **N2** a tempo

Vln. 1 *p sub.* *ff*

Vln. 2 *p sub.* *ff*

Vla. *p sub.* 3 3 3 3 *ff* 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Vc. 3 3 3 3 *ff* 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

932

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Vc. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

935

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

Vc. 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

938

Vln. 1 *p*

Vln. 2 *p*

Vla. *p* *f* *dolce*  
bring out

Vc. *p* 3 *f* *dolce*  
bring out

942

**O2**

Vln. 1 *f* *p sub.* *pp* *solo* *f*

Vln. 2 *f* *pp*

Vla. *p sub.* *pp*

Vc. *p sub.* *pp* 3 3 3 3

945

*rit.*

Vln. 1 *f* 3 3 3 3 5

Vln. 2

Vla. *ppp*

Vc. *ppp*

948

**P2** Duet ♩ = 80

Vln. 1 *pp* *fff*

Vln. 2 *ppp* *fff*

Vla. *ppp* *p*

Vc. *p*



953 *mf*

B. *Keep think-ing I'll look o - ver\_\_ and see you lean - ing there a - gain. They keep*

C. *C.T.B.*

Vln. 1 *fff*

Vln. 2 *fff*

Vla.

Vc.



958

B. *call-ing you a wo - man\_\_ in the pa - pers. It's a damn lie.*

C. *C.T.B.*

Vln. 1 *fff*

Vln. 2 *fff*

Vla.

Vc.

92

962 **Q2**

B. *f* All the time—

C. *mf* E - ver won - der— what your life would be a hun-dred years— from now? Two hun - dred?

Vln. 1 *mf* *pp*

Vln. 2 *p* *mf* *pp*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

966

B. Reck-on it would be mar - vel - ous.

C. A name and a place for

Vln. 1 *fff* sub. *fff*

Vln. 2 *fff* *fff*

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

970 **R2**

B. In a hun dred years?

C. folks like me, you said. Two hun - dred?

Vln. 1 *fff* *fff*

Vln. 2 *fff* *pp* *3* *3*

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

974

B. *p*  
You saw a place for me, all on my own. Like it was

C. *p*  
C.T.B. You called me what I am. Like it was

Vln. 1 *pp*

Vln. 2 *pp*

Vla.

Vc.



977

B. *f*  
sim - - ple Chewed my nails to blood-y bits for months.

C. *f*  
C.T.B. sim - - ple. Chawed more to-back - er than or - di - na - ry for

Vln. 1 *f*

Vln. 2 *f*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f*



986 95

B. Sim - - - - ple. Sim - - ple.

C. C.T.B. Sim - - - - ple. Sim - - ple.

Vln. 1 *ff*

Vln. 2 *ff*

Vla. *ff*

Vc. *ff*



988 [S2] *p* *dolciss.*

B. Sim - ple. You are who you are \_\_\_\_\_

C. C.T.B.

Vln. 1 *mf* *f* *mf*

Vln. 2 *mf* *f* *mf*

Vla. *mf* *f* *mf*

Vc. *mf* *f* *mf*

994

B.

C.  
C.T.B.

*mf*

Hun - dred years, way things are go - ing.

Vln. 1

*fff*

Vln. 2

*fff*

*p*

Vla.

*p*

Vc.

*p*



997

B.

C.  
C.  
T.B.

it - 'll be a good coun - try for folks like us, that's what I reck - on. And un - til then,

it - 'll be a good coun - try for folks like us, that's what I reck - on. And un - til then,

Vln. 1

*p*

*f*

Vln. 2

*f*

Vla.

*f*

Vc.

*f*

1001 **T2**  $\text{♩} = 54$  97

*p*

B. If you want to keep a se - cret, your se-cret's safe with me \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

C. If you want to keep a se - cret, your se-cret's safe with me \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

T.B. If you want to keep a se - cret, your se-cret's safe with me \_\_\_\_\_

Vln. 1 *pp*

Vln. 2 *pp*

Vla. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

scordatura  
C string to B



394

B.

C.

T

Vln. 1

Vln. 2

Vla.

Cb.

*mf*

I would-ve.

*f*

bad. He dry gulched us. Should-a seen it com - in. Bout pissed my-self. That's pro-per you're not ac-cus - tor med

*f p < f*

*p col legno*

*p col legno ord.*

*pizz. arco*

*pp f sub.*



401 **Poco meno mosso** ♩ = 88

B. *f* I like to think I could shoot a ban-dit if he were fix-ing to shoot me.

C. *f* to such things. An - o - ther, please.

Vln. 1 *f* *p* *f* *p* *p*

Vln. 2 *f* *p* *f* *p* *p*

Vla. *f* *p* *f* *p* *p*

Cb. *ff* *p* *pp* *p*

pizz. sul tasto arco *ffiss.*

ricochet ord. *p*

ricochet *f* *p* *f* *p* *p*

col legno ricochet *f* *p* *f* *p* *p*

ord. *p*

ord. *p*

454

**A1** Arioso, Solemnly  $\text{♩} = 60$

B. flirt. Ain't so dif-frent from home: Know your place.

C. *f* Once knew a girl back East Beat-en and put to hard\_\_ la - bor

Vln. 1 *p* *f* *p*

Vln. 2 *mf* *mf*

Vla. *p* *f* *p*

Cb. *f* *p* *f* *p*

462

B. *f* *meno f*  
It ain't like that. Ain't that bad.

C.  
in a home for a-ban-dons she got her-self free. If she could do it why not you?

Vln. 1 *pizz.*  
*p*

Vln. 2 *mf* *mf* *f* *pizz.*  
*p* *pp*

Vla. *f* *pizz.*  
*p* *pp*

Cb. *f* *pizz.*  
*p* *pp*

## Appendix C: Tenor Ossia 3

**G2** Arioso, plaintive  $\text{♩} = 72$

840 rit. a tempo *f*

C. Get - tin' old rheu - ma-ti-sm in the bones. No - bo-dy to look out\_\_\_ for old used up stage

Vln. 1 *p* *ffp* *p* sul pont.

Vln. 2 *p* *ffp* *ffp* *ffp* *pp* *mp* *pp*

Vla. *f* *ffp* *ffp* *ffp*

Cb. *ffp* *ffp* *ffp*

847

C. dri - vers. Kick the buck-et\_\_\_ one of these days and that's the last\_\_\_ of old Char - ley.

Vln. 1 sul pont. *pp* *mp* *pp* ord. *f* *pp*

Vln. 2 *pp* *mp* *pp* *mp* *pp* ord. *f* *pp*

Vla. *p* *f*

Cb. *p* *f*

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